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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY MAE DE LANCIE.

Kathleen, o'er the mists of the hill-tops,
The footsteps of morn creep along;
The day-god is waking from slumber,
The lark trills his first notes of song;
The dew lingers still on the flowers,
The heather-sprays bend neath its weight;
While I list for your footsteps, my darling,
Why tarry? O why so long wait?

Hast forgotten I leave thee to-morrow?
The ocean will soon roll between
That bears me from all I hold dearest,
From Kathleen and Erin so green.
Is the blue of your eye dimmed by weeping?
Let me kiss off the fast falling tears,
While I whisper a last fond "Adieu, Love,
Be true, tho' I'm absent for years."

To-morrow I leave thee and Erin,
The shamrock and Irish hill-fern,
That drapes with its fairy-like feelage
The beautiful banks of Lough Erne.
I go far away over the billows
To find us a home 'mong the free.
You'll be true to me, Kathleen Mavourneen,
You'll wait till I come back for thee.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall.
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the baby was just as tall,
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jeweled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose nodded her knees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snapping at shine and shadow
That danced at the lattice sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice
Peeped out from his scanty gown;
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with the roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The little face looked steadily,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands like rose leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine,
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the dainty dead rosebud casket
That waited him below:
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
To the height of the rose-red angels
Our little one had grown.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

AN ANARCHIST'S FOURTH.

BY OUANDA.

"Fourth of July. Well, what of it?" The speaker was Capt. Sumner, master of the Linden, a splendid American vessel in the harbor at St. Petersburg. By his side was Max Edler, a brilliant young correspondent from Baltimore, Md. Edler had facetiously been voted a trump by the passengers and crew. Sumner had more often been called a crank.

Yes, what of it? Thousands of miles away from home, what difference did it make? Besides, a Fourth of July in Russia is not like a Fourth in America.

"I have been thinking" continued Edler, "that it would be pleasant if you would give a little party on the ship next Tuesday, Independence day. Invite the elite of St. Petersburg. What do you say, captain?"

"Anything else you want?" inquired Capt. Sumner as he turned to go below. "Want to turn the Linden into an excursion boat, I suppose."

"Oh no! I only want to celebrate the Fourth." And Edler laughed softly, for he knew that Capt. Sumner would grant the request.

"Cards of invitation? Oh, mamma!"

Katha Verenine was surprised to receive an invitation to the Fourth of July celebration on the Linden. And she might well be.

For the daughter of Andre Verenine was not popular in Russian society. But it was the fault of society, and society was the loser.

Andre Verenine had been a serf in his boyhood. True, he had been an honest slave and the trusted steward of his master, Prince Kopeff. True, he had been emancipated long before his marriage. True, he was now one of the boldest and most successful of all the commission merchants in all the Russias. True, he owned extensive mines and shipping. But the memory of his serfdom clung to him still.

Years before, Andre Verenine had taken his daughter from her princely home on the banks of the Neva and placed her in a famous school for girls. The teachers had welcomed her, for they knew that wealth would follow her to the institution. And her little companions had welcomed her, for they saw that she was not only beautiful, but that magnificent presents of books and jewels were every day sent to her. Besides, she was generous, thoughtful and kind to all.

"Katha," said Annie Romanoff proudly one day, "who is your father?"

"Andre Verenine," was the little girl's ready response.

"I know that is his name but what does he do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the little girl quickly. "But I'll write to mamma and find out."

And she did.

"Tell them he's a speculator," was the answer in the next letter.

"A speculator! What's that? Nothing bad, I know, for my papa's a splendid man."

"Oh, nothing bad, of course not. But he has to work for a living."

"Don't your papa, Annie Romanoff?"

"No, my papa owns a large estate. It has been in the family for hundreds of years. My father never did a day's work in his life."

"Perhaps he don't know how to work," suggested Katha, mischievously.

"Of course he don't. He never was a serf, you see. And none of my family were ever serfs."

Katha Verenine did not hear the last of those bitter words. She knew what was meant. She had never heard what all men were created equal." She did not know anything about the "Divinity of labor." She did not know that the royal families of Russia hold titles to the land simply because their ancestors were murderers, robbers and pirates, while she was despised because she was the daughter of a race of toilers. The words of her little companion burned in her brain. Recovering herself, she said, her face crimson but her eyes wild and bright:

"Let me go! Oh I shall die! Take me home! Oh my mamma! If I were a serf's daughter I would be so mean! If my father was a beggar—"

Here Madame Montsade, the preceptress, entered the hall, and learning the truth of the matter carried Katha to her own room. But she would not punish the girls under her care, for what they said was true, and she was only too glad when Katha's father hurried the "little serf" away from the school and placed her under the care of a private instructor.

From that hour Katha's whole life was changed. Dark days come to all, but hers were all dark. Ostracised because of her birth when she might have been courted because of her beauty. No wonder she lost faith in God, faith in herself, faith in humanity. No serf tolling 'neath Southern suns and listening to the crack of a master's lash ever suffered more keenly. No serf in all the Russias, no toiler at the mines was ever tortured more. "I will not rule a nation of slaves," said Russia's emperor, yet Katha felt as hundreds of his subjects have felt, that slavery is to be preferred to ostracism.

A Fourth of July ball at St. Petersburg. Event unheard of in the history of the city. Even the czar might attend. The list of invitations was not large, yet it was certain to be a splendid party. True, it was the captain's friendship for the Verenines that procured invitations for them, but Katha did not stop to think that she would not be well treated by the Russian nobility, and the invitation was accepted. And what of Katha Verenines's first Fourth of July?

The deck of the Linden was a scene of grandeur. Like a river of gold and glory, Russian beauties swept across the decks. And who are the Russian beauties?

Nothing in the West can compare to the splendor of a Russian ball. Half the world is laid under tribute for the dancers. And it was so on that first Fourth of July at St. Petersburg. A Caucassian princess swept across the deck. Pale and white as a lily, cold and passionless as a marble statue, formed as if by the hands of the gods, she moved the personification of all the graces. A Polish girl dressed in a steel-gray satin suit, with royal rubies and a crown of orange blossoms, attracted the attention of every one, and every one marked the contrast between the dark, pale face and the floral crown. A fascinating little Finn, all white and all light, looked supremely lovely as she danced on the deck in the moonlight. Borne by a small row-boat on the waters of the Neva came a Tartar maiden from beyond the Ural mountains. Tall, proud and queenly, she reigned supreme, captivating the Americans with arts learned in the heart of Asia. From the borders of China, dressed in a close fitting and costly costume that made her beauty appear only the more perfect and unreal came "The queen of the Calamucs." A Greek maiden from the South, with classic features, cold blue eyes and golden hair, spent her time with a circle of admirers in the cabin and on the deck. The fireworks lighted up the whole scene, and gave the river and shipping a weird strange look. Music from bands, such as St. Petersburg alone can furnish, floated over the water. The decks were lined with people—and they were happy. Such was the first Fourth of July ball at St. Petersburg.

Katha Verenine came early. She knew that if she watted she would have to face the cold faces and averted eyes of all the Russian nobility. To meet them one at a time would be hard enough. But she was on an American vessel. She was free—she was supremely happy. She had chosen a strange costume that evening, and yet one that seemed adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. She had selected a pure white satin costume with trimmings of red and blue. The light from the hundred lanterns and the many colored fire-works threw its reflections over the Russian girl and many an American thought of his home and friends as he noticed that she had selected the American colors. Leaning on the arm of young Edler and looking up at the stars and stripes she exclaimed as the bands struck up the Russian march:

"What a happy land yours must be!"

"I am not so sure of that," replied Edler. "Indeed, it seems as if we had our full share of hardships and misfortunes to bear."

"Do you know," she remarked, "that I am happy to-night only because I am on board an American vessel and under an American flag?"

"No. I supposed that you were always happy."

"But I am not. Not one in ten of these Russians, natives of my own land, would recognize me on the shore. And my only crime consists in being the daughter of a laborer. My father came from the lower classes, he had no ancestry, he started in life poor and almost without friends."

"In my own land it would not matter," said Edler, lowering his voice so that he could not be heard by the crowd that surged past them. "We respect labor, respect the men, who by honest toil have risen to positions of wealth and honor. Many of the best men in my native city and land are proud of the fact that they are self-made. In fact, several of our presidents and our millionaires were many of them of humble birth. We respect men for what they are, and care little about what their fathers may have been."

"Oh, happy land!" exclaimed Katha Verenine passionately. "I don't wonder that you love it. I don't wonder that the stars and stripes mean freedom! Do the young maidens of America thank their God that they were born in such a land? Do they know what a blessing such a freedom is? Oh, that I could tell them what I know! When you go back to America tell them that you saw here a girl trodden under foot, despised, hated, scored, sneered and insulted because her father worked for a living and toiled for Russian masters." And as Katha spoke passionately, tears filled her eyes and she became deathly pale.

"But what weakness, what folly, and I had counted on having such a pleasant time to-night!" she said, with a seeming effort to be gay.

"May your life be always happy in the future," said Edler. "I have heard that you Russians were a hopeful race and that you are always looking for brighter days."

"Which do not come," said Katha, sadly. "But Siberian snows and quicksilver mines can never stop them. All the fires that have been lighted on the Ob, the Neva and the Don have never quenched the thirst for Russian liberty, justice and equality—Ah!"

A messenger boy placed in Katha's hand a small white letter. It was a summons that could not be slighted, and the Russian girl walked to the bow of the ship, broke open the letter and read the contents. As she stood there, her wonderful beauty attracted the Americans, and dark scornful looks shot across the faces of several Russian ladies.

"An Anarchist!" exclaimed a lady of high rank.

"An Anarchist!" exclaimed her American companion. "Oh she is too good, two beautiful for that."

"Be not deceived," said the first speaker. But both were.

Katha Verenine was not an anarchist. She was liberal in her views, because she could not be otherwise. But she did not believe in shedding human blood under any circumstances, and the Nihilists, although they knew that she would not betray them, knew also that she would never sanction the assassinations that were daily being planned.

But she had a dear friend who was an anarchist leader.

Herr Spore was an anarchist.

He was also a practical doctor of medicine, a splendid scholar and linguist.

Born close to the dividing line between Russian Poland and German Poland, he never knew whether he was a German or a Russian. And he never cared so long as he was a Pole. Educated in German universities, he hated both the German and Russian governments.

Katha Verenine loved Herr Spore, and he in turn loved the lonely girl, who because of social laws and customs had been cast out of Russian society. But she clung to the Quaker ideas about war, and she would not be won over to his Nihilistic way of thinking.

As Katha turned to leave the ship on the evening of the Fourth she glanced up at the American flag and exclaimed, "Out of light into darkness, out of freedom into bondage." Then she followed the messenger.

She entered a carriage which was in waiting and was driven rapidly towards the university buildings.

Herr Spore met her there.

The meeting was not unexpected, but it was a sad one.

"I have been ordered," he explained, "to leave to-night on a mission of the utmost importance, and the Revolutionary committee will trust no one else. I cannot tell you just where I am going, but I will have sealed instructions as to what my plans are. I am going to Siberia to liberate some convicts unjustly condemned. You know what this means."

"Yes," said Katha.

"Farewell," he exclaimed. "You will never forget me."

"Never," she replied. "Farewell until we meet again, or until death."

* * * * *

A lumber yard, near Halstead street in the city of Chicago, is alike fairy land and a play-ground for the children of the poor. When their schools are over they gather there and pick up kindlings or build chip houses. Sometimes they watch and question the workmen; sometimes they rig out small ships with sails and oars; sometimes they play marbles, and the whole yard resounds with boyish shouts. Central Park has not half the charms to the boys of New York that this Halstead street lumber yard has to the boys of Chicago. As they are closely watched, they never carry anything away, and the proprietors allow the boys to come and go just as they choose, provided they do not take anything of value.

At 10 o'clock on the evening of May 4, 1886, a tall man wrapped in a cloak might have been seen bending over the body of a young man, one of the victims of the Haymarket riot of that evening. The face of the first man was bronzed and dark. He looked as if he had traveled in a hundred lands beneath Southern suns. The face of the other was pale and livid—he was apparently dying. The man with the cloak was a stranger, evidently of Polish or German extraction. The wounded man on the ground was younger, yet, oh, how much he looked like the tall man bending over him! Both were foreigners, both were weeping, possibly both were anarchists.

"My brother," said Herr Spore, "how long have you been in Chicago?"

"Two years," gasped the wounded man. "And you were at the riot?"

"You see I was, and received this bullet in my side. When did you come, and how did you find me?"

"I only arrived in the city from San Francisco to-night. This boy, who was passing through the lumber yard, found you and showed me where you were. I expected to find a dying stranger. I came and found my brother."

"Those cowardly Socialists dropped me here—they thought that they were pursued," said the injured man.

"Men take care of their own lives first in these days," said the doctor. "But the blood has stopped flowing from your wound, and you must be removed to the hospital."

To a quiet and pleasant private hospital on the South Side, Alexis Spore was conveyed in a carriage. His every need was supplied, and when the doctor left him he was sleeping peacefully.

During the days that followed, Dr. Spore visited many of the wounded foreigners. There was no house on Milwaukee avenue that he was not willing to enter on errands of mercy, and more than one weak and suffering foreigner blessed him in the German and Russian tongues. Bending over dying Socialists who were injured in the riot, like a surgeon at the close of a battle, for humanity's sake, he saved their lives or eased their pain. On errands of mercy he hurried to the cottages of the Poles, and his services were everywhere in demand. He gave his time, his money and his talent, expecting and receiving little compensation. "They are my countrymen," he explained.

On Sunday, July 4, a crowd gathered on a principal street in Chicago. Just as she crossed the walk, a young lady had slipped on the pavement. The crowd swept by, but the extreme beauty of the girl caused more than one South Side merchant to inquire into the accident.

"Only another case of sunstroke I guess," said the small boy on the corner.

"Only another case of sunstroke. Whose case?"

"Katha Verevine's."

The patient was conveyed to the same hospital where Alexis Spore had been taken after the riot. Herr Spore was summoned to attend the new patient, as the regular physician was absent.

The doctor entered the room. Reclining on the snow white cot, apparently dead, he saw a Russian girl.

"Katha Verevine!" exclaimed the doctor. Human skill and medical science saved the Russian girl. Never did a patient have a more attentive physician and never did a physician have a more beautiful patient. Her face was sad and there was an expression of care and anxiety that causes the beholder to turn and wander what deep sorrow weighed upon her. Her hair—for on half was a shade darker, her pale, white face even whiter than when the doctor parted from her that Fourth of July night, five years before, under the shadow of the university building at St. Petersburg.

And is it any wonder.

Monday, July 5, Chicago was in its glory. From Lincoln to Pullman, from Lincoln park to the lake, the whole city was clothed in red, white and blue. Flags were flying from the residences and the stores, the shipping in the harbor and the boats on the lake. And when Katha Verenine opened her eyes they rested first on her physician, who had never left her, and then on the American flags floating from hundreds of homes throughout the Garden City.

"Freedom! Oh, Herr Spore," she exclaimed.

"Yes, Katha, it is Herr Spore," said the doctor. "And you must rest now."

"But before I sleep, and while I have life or die, I want to thank God that I have met you here in America!" said Katha, softly.

"And, thank God, that I, an anarchist no longer, am an American now," said Herr Spore, fervently.

That evening when the sun had gone down and the dense white heat that had reminded the citizens of Chicago of the days preceding the great fire, no longer settled upon the city, Katha told the doctor her story. It was the old, old story of a woman's love, a woman's devotion, a woman's sorrow and a woman's sacrifice.

When Herr Spore left St. Petersburg she had kept the sealed instructions one year without breaking them. During that year Andre Verenine died suddenly and within a month Katha's mother was buried by the side of her husband. When the year expired she opened the sealed letter from the doctor. It gave a minute description of his plans and the journey through Siberia. It also stated that if successful he could never return to Russia, for to return would mean death or slavery at the mines, for the Third Section would have him black listed. Fourier wisely, who can tell, Katha determined to follow the doctor and to find him. Her father had left his affairs unsettled, and the millionaire merchant of St. Petersburg did not leave rubles where he was reported to have thousands. Gathering her jewels and personal property together, Katha determined to leave Russia—the land which had been so unkind to her—the land that had been a mockery instead of a home, she left forever.

She was "simplified," and joined the Nihilists, not for the purpose of overturning the government, but only that she might the more readily find the man she loved. All their most secret lives she learned; their plans for assassination and revolt she knew, although she had always objected to extreme measures. Through the snows of Siberia she wandered, across the Ural mountains she traveled; she was towed across Lake Baikal by the strong arms of Russian soldiers, and through Mongolia she searched for the doctor, and tired, worn out and weary, she arrived at the capital of the Chinese empire. Often she heard of Herr Spore and his daring adventures, how had crossed Lake Baikal with the released convicts in a storm, pursued by the Russian soldiers, how they had remained hidden for weeks in a cave, how they had chosen the mountains as a hiding place and escaped the Russian militia, how disguised as traveling Tartars they had made their way into the heart of China. Her beauty, her connection with the Nihilists, her determination, always followed her everywhere and the members of the society were only too willing to aid her in her search. Thus she wandered over the earth, another Evangeline in search of one who seemed sometimes very near and at other times hundreds and thousands of miles away from her. They followed the same route, both were passengers from the same port in China, but when Katha reached America she could find no trace of Herr Spore. Hopelessly, she drifted to Chicago; hopelessly searched through that city, and finally on the Sabbath morning when the bells were tolling from a hundred churches, sank down on the street to die.

Do you remember dark paths on which no light seemed to shine, even to the dawn of the Eternal Morning? Do you remember heavy burdens laid upon shoulders that seemed crushed and breaking, burdens which rolled not off until the coming of a New Day? Do you remember weary eyes worn with watching and saddened with tears, eyes that gazed sadly out and almost over, but could not peer through the darkness and gloom of life. Such a life was Katha Verenine's, but here under the stars and stripes of America, she had found that freedom for which she had longed, and that happiness for which her heart ached.

"We are not anarchists now. We are free. We are Americans," said Katha.

To this Herr Spore willingly assented.

That Max Edler met the Lehmer House in Chicago. Edler was the young correspondent who had seen Katha during his travels in Russia. It was Edler that had told her about American freedom and American liberty. He told me the story as he had just learned it from Katha and Herr Spore at the hospital. And the last words he said as I parted with him to take the evening train for the East were, "Thank God I am an American."

Exceedingly Busy.

Stranger—I would like to see the doctor at once, please.

Doctor's wife—The doctor is engaged just now.

Stranger—But, madame, it is a matter of life or death.

Doctor's wife—I don't think you could see the doctor under any circumstances.

Stranger—Madame, I must.

Doctor's wife—Oh, well, if you must you must. I'll send the man to see if the doctor can stop digging bait for a few minutes. —*Tid Bits.*

Humor.

BURDETTE'S FUN.

Some of the Latest of Bob's Smart Sayings.

"Do you know, father," said George, lifting his eyes from his book, "that this lamp has the power of 26 candles?" "Bless my soul!" exclaimed grandma, suddenly waking from a nap, "what is the woman's name?"

It is said that eminent French journalist, recently deceased, used to rise every morning at 4 o'clock to begin his day's work. And now he is dead. It might have been expected. It is a sad, sad warning, but let us hope that it will be a lesson to him as long as he lives. Let us, also, remember it likewise. Let us lay our several hands upon our respective hearts and say that rather than imitate his fault, if ever, in the course of human events it should become necessary for us to be up at 4 a. m., we will sit up to do it. Then we can go to bed at 4:15 and not go around wasting the whole day in idle work.

A foolish preacher stood up last Sunday and said that "modern humor was ephemeral; it was the crackling of thorns, and would not last its own day." Oh, foolish parson! Won't last a day? Why, some of its best jokes have lasted over 2,000 years, and are still in daily use.

If you have planted a young orchard, and very few people find time to plant old ones, bear in mind that this is a leap year for the seventeen-year locusts to come. But, you say, they came last year. So they did. And the year before that. And the one before that again. And they will come next year. Every year that the ice crop fails by reason of warm winter and the peaches are killed by the intense cold, the seventeen-year locusts will come. And the year when they do not come, the millenium will send up its card, and we won't care a straw about peaches, ice or locusts.

"No, Parson," said Farmer Thistlepod, resolutely shaking his head, "good and evil ain't equally distributed in this world, not by a long chalk. See, here I drop into the ground one grain of good wheat. Now, straight away after that one wee little atom of good comes the chinch bugs, cut worms, wee evil bugs, army worms, wire worms, blight, rust, drought, mildew, freshets, late frosts, hard winters, short summers, grub worms, rain, heat, cold and dry, and wet, prairie fires, the neighbors' cattle, people from town, weeds—why, it's a livin' miracle that any good survives in the world at all, when we see what it has to struggle agin. But then," added the old man, stooping to pluck up a cherry red poppy and hurl it over into the highway, "reckon of 'twasn't so good as it is, we wouldn't take the interest in heliin' it along an' fightin' for its life as we do." And with a look that drove the tiny guinea hens into silence, he started the dog across the field to warn away a party of young people who were swarming over the fence to gather a few armfuls of wheat to make winter baskets.

"A healthy person's pulse," says the *Lancet*, "beats 70 times a minute, but there are, however, peculiar constitutions in which the pulse may be over 70 in health." My son, the *Lancet* is correct. Your pulse, in perfect healthful tune, may be placidly thumping away at 70 a minute, but suddenly, if you happen to be loitering on the same side of the garden gate on a perfect night in June—a ree-ther late, and the moon takes a modest dive behind a convenient cloud, about ten minutes long by fifteen wide, and you find a hand in the dark about half the size of your own that flutters a little while you are gasping for breath and trying to frame a simple little question that any girl can answer, but which the whole department of State could put into non-plus under these peculiar conditions, my boy, your pulse will jump to 180 without a strain, go to 210 on the next rally, and close at about 340, with a rising tendency and no sign of a break. You try it, son, and you'll find that when a scientific medical journal like the *Lancet* makes a statement about pulses, the genial and accomplished editor knows what his facile pen is talking about.

Sorry He Had a Round-Trip Ticket.

A certain train-boy on the Wabash road is a notorious practical joker. Last spring, during the heavy rains, sections of the Wabash were in a very insecure condition, owing to washouts and undermining. As an express train was making its way East, stopping now and then so that the brakemen might go ahead and examine the track, and running with great caution all the time, the passengers were in a continual state of alarm. They kept asking questions concerning the condition of the track, and whenever the train slackened speed they stuck their heads out of the windows and looked about with anxious eyes. Finally the locomotive emitted a shrill screech, the brakes were heard grinding on the wheels, and the train-boy rushed into the smoking car and shouted:

"Save yourselves! Save yourselves! There's a big break ahead, and we're going to hell, sure!"

"Mein Gott in himmel!" exclaimed a German passenger, "dis is yoost mine luck. Never once more will I go on a round-trip dicket s'long as I lif."—*Chicago News.*

Why They Couldn't Keep Warm.

"Talking about fast running," said the conductor of the fast mail out on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, "we make some daisy runs with this train when we get behind time. One day last winter we had trouble keeping the cars warm. The fires wouldn't burn worth a cent, and we nearly froze to death. Fire up the best we could, we couldn't keep any heat in the durn stoves, an' what do you s'pose the trouble was? Well, sir, I'll tell you. Now, I don't believe in this lyin' 'bout such little things. I don't take no stock in these stories about travelin' 30 miles in 24 minutes. I don't know how much we went on the day in question, but I'm tellin' you about, but the trouble with them 'ere stoves was, the train was goin' so tarnal fast it made a draught in the flues strong enough to draw all the fire an' coal right up the chimneys. Yes, sir, instead of burnin', the durned coal just salled up and disappeared as fast as we put it in the stove."—*Chicago Herald.*

Would Stop if They Were Flagged.

"Country people ask funny questions," said a conductor on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. "They are always worried for fear the train will not stop at the station where they want to get off. One day an old chap asked me if there was a good tavern at Chicago. I told him I heard there was one or two. A few weeks ago we were going into St. Louis and had on board an old woman from away back. She was evidently a green traveler, and she was very nervous. She asked all sorts of foolish questions. Finally she inquired in a shrill rasping voice:

"'Conductor, does this train stop at St. Louis?'

"'Yes,' says I, with a straight face, 'it does, if we are flagged. St. Louis is a flag station, but I'll see that you get off all right.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

Picnics Supplied.

There is a down-town grocery, which among other lends in the wingow, displays this sign: "Picnics Supplied."

A meek-faced young man went into this store the other day, and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at this picnic sign, he remarked to a salesman:

"I'll take one with she lone girl, please, with the requisite allowance of champagne, a few tongue sandwiches, and a box of sardines, and no bugs, no flies, no grasshoppers. Remember—one girl will do."

"Wh-what is it you want, sir?"

"Why, a picnic, to be sure. Don't you advertise 'Picnics supplied' in the window?"

Scandal at Our Church.

"Oh, did you hear of the scandal at our church?"

"No, what was it? Has the minister been doing anything wrong?"

"Yes, he has."

"Gracious, you don't tell me! What was it?"

"Why, at the Sunday School picnic the other day, he drank his lemonade through two straws, just like those nasty men do in taverns when drinking sherry cobblers and whisky sours. Ma, whose first husband was a barkeeper, was perfectly shocked, and says she will withdraw from the church."

The Narrow Gauge Vermonter.

A Vermonter went with his sweetheart to a justice of the peace to get married. The magistrate performed the ceremony and the blissful countryman asked: "How much do I hev to pay ye, squire?" "The law allows me a dollar and a half," said the justice. "Well, I'll tell ye what I'll do," said the bridegroom, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "I'll make it two dollars for ye!"

JUVENILIA.

A CHILD OF SCIENCE.

Marion, aged five, is very much interested in her brother's natural science lessons. One Sunday her older sister related to her the story of the Ark and Flood. After listening very attentively she at length exclaimed:

"I don't believe a word of it!"

"Why, Marion, why do you say that?" the sister asked in surprise.

"Why, all those people in the ark would have been suffocated with carbonic acid gas," the child replied.

EXCELLED.

The children at Fort L. were one day holding forth upon the belongings of their respective mammas. "My mamma's got a beautiful silk dress," etc. The climax was reached when one of the number exclaimed: "Well, anyhow, my mamma's got the red-headedest baby in the post."

SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

"Mamma, did you thank God for just coffee and rolls?"

"Yes, Nellie."

"Umph! I wouldn't have bothered Him just for that."

WHAT TOM DID.

Four-year-old Belle had been watching Tom, the cat, squeeze through a very small hole under the house. "O mamma," she said, "you ought to have seen Tom! He just mashed and went under."

A PECULIAR GRASS.

Little P—— has been accused and convicted of so many queer pranks that he always expects to be charged with some new devility, even when he is altogether innocent. He is very fond of flowers, and naturally artistic in his arrangement of them. He has a special liking for wild flowers, and brings them in from the woods and fields.

The other day he brought in a bunch of blossoms, and among them were some of the variety, unknown by name to this historian, in which a slender, flat, green stalk is surmounted by a little hood-shaped blue flower.

"Oh, mamma, see!" he exclaimed, "here is some grass with a bonnet on it, and I didn't put it on there—honest, I didn't!"

A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder-storm came up.

Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices about the thunder and lightning.

They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.

They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold on as long as the storm.

Harry became very sleepy, and at last with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow: "Well, *I'm* going to trust in God."

Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will too!"

And they both went to sleep, without more words.

A NATURAL QUESTION.

A family party out driving a few days ago, had a driver who was extremely voluble. Indeed he monopolized all the conversation. All at once the little fellow of the party pulled his father over to him and whispered in his ear, "Does he charge any more for talking?"

HELEN'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

Helen, four and a half years old, was taken by her parents to ride on a donkey in the Central Park. She was very timid, but as her younger sister showed no fear, Helen did not like to seem lacking in courage. Finally, as the donkey boy made the animal go faster, she said: You need not go so fast, you must consider the donkey."

HIS PRAYER.

Baby Herbert, two years old, has picked up from his Hawaiian-born mother many Hawaiian words. One of the most frequently used is "pau"—done, finished. When a thing is "all pau" the baby signifies thereby that, so far as he is concerned, the thing is finished and laid aside. Some nights ago mamma, in putting baby to bed, started him upon his prayers as usual. He said a few words, then suddenly stopped, looked up, and peremptorily exclaimed, "All pau, Dod!" From that time on his lips have been sealed, as far as his prayers go, while mamma is left to her reflections of how soon babies, in their independent unconsciousness, express the sentiments which older sinners act upon but dare not frame in words.

LITTLE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

Little Four-year-old was in a state of nervous excitement during a violent thunder-storm a few days ago. Running to her mother she laid her head in her lap and sobbed, "Oh, mamma, I's so fraid of thunder." Seeking to quiet her, her mother responded: "You should not be afraid, my child. Thunder is God's voice." This soothed the child and she went about her play. In a few moments another tremendous thunderbolt was heard. She dropped her playthings, and in an awestruck voice inquired: "Mamma, what did God say then? Somethin' awful?"

FRANKIE'S DIALOGUE.

Big sister Anna had been putting four-year-old Frank to bed. Having deposited him safely in bed, she retired to the next room, whence she overheard the following dialogue, carried on by the young man: "O God, please make little Frankie a good boy, won't you, O God?" "Yes, Frankie; you bet I will!"—*Mrs. L. W. Palmer, North Weymouth, Mass.*

A BIT OF WISDOM.

"How would you proceed to find out the age of a tree?" asked a teacher last week, and the answer came back from one of the scholars, "I would find out when it was planted." Another instructor said: "Give an example of a flesh-eating animal," and the reply was, without circumlocution or evasion: "A cannibal." The pupil was right, but the answer she gave was not the one that was looked for. She evidently recognized the fact that there are brutes who walk on two legs.

THE CIRCUS.

Little Johnny, age 5, was greatly taken with the circus-posters and begged his papa to take him to the circus. He could get not promise from him, however, until, making a last beseeching appeal on circus day, his father replied: "Well, Johnny, we will go down street and see the tents." Johnny walked along with his father, looking very dubious indeed at such a scanty supply of circus, until, glancing up, he remarked: "Papa, I'd much rather see the contents." That decided it; they went inside.

TALE OF AN EGG.

Little Harry had been out in the kitchen with the cook, who was making cake, and had broken an egg. Running in to mamma, he said: "See! mamma! I broke an egg and got the gravy all over my hands!"

Why She Ought to Wear Glasses.

"How old would you take me to be, Mr Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers!"

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied, earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes; your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she pouted.

"Because I'm afraid about twenty summers have gone by you that you haven't seen."

Authorship of Jackson's State Papers.

It is supposed that Blair and Amos Kendall wrote many of Jackson's state papers. On the morning after Jackson sent in his first annual message he met his old friend, Gen. Armstrong, and asked:

"Well, Bob, what do the people say of my message?"

"They say," replied Gen. Armstrong, "that it is first rate, but nobody believes that you wrote it."

"Well!" replied Old Hickory, "don't I deserve just as much credit for picking out the man who did write it?"

It has been charged that Edward Livingston wrote Jackson's celebrated nullification act.

Naming the Dapple Colt.

"Wonder what I'd better name him," said Johnny, thoughtfully, as he watched his new dapple colt drinking eagerly in the brook.

"I'll tell you," said his comrade Willie, eagerly, "call him Preserved Fruit."

"Why Preserved Fruit?"

"Because," replied Willie, "he's such a dry dapple."—*Texas Siftings.*

Miscellany.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

She Talks About Her Conquests, and Makes Startling Revelations.

My gay dame has fingers sparkling with many jeweled rings. The other moonlight night, as she sat out upon the balcony, tilting back in one of those grand expose rocking chairs—revealing black satin slippers and nicely turned ankles, encased in pink silk stockings, with no other protection wrap than a couple of yards of white tulle that swept about head and shoulders like a floating cloud, some matrons even congratulating her upon the possession of so many superior diamonds, she held up her fair, glittering hands.

"Yes," said she, languidly; "these are all records of my past conquests. I wear seven engagement solitaires, three clusters and a loveknot of ruby, emerald and diamond—the big gold band is my wedding ring, emblem of my bondage. They make a gorgeous sort of chronological reminder of silly, happy, evanescent delights. Sometimes I dissipate ennui by going over them one by one, seeming for the time to gather up pleasant magnetisms of the giddy past, for they were really dear fellows and very fond of me."

"Why, did you never return the ring when broke the engagement?" asked one astonished listener. "I always did——"

"Certainly, as a matter of conscience as well as of good luck, I never dreamed of retaining mine," declared a matron, with the coolness that might characterize an Apache in counting up the scalps he had taken.

"Indeed, you were very foolish," replied my lady with sang froid. "Of course, some cheap indifferent things I did send back in my veally days, for I certainly hope you do not restrict my triumphs to this miserable small number recorded by diamonds; but expensive jewels—never. One is not sure of being treated to such luxuries by a husband—however wealthy. Now, that stone is perfect. A diamond setter from London went all over the city with Charley Rockaway, and selected the purest gem of that size procurable. Do you fancy I was going to give it back to Charley after all his trouble to please me? Surely you didn't expect it, and I didn't meditate over it for a mement. See, this one is larger, but slightly off color [turning to Mrs. Happiday.] Dear, it was given me by your husband. George and I were engaged three months. Perfectly absurd, and I soon saw it. But the dear boy took on awfully; cried—actually cried like a baby. I don't know how you get on with such a foolishly sensitive temperament. He must worry you terribly; but you are such a good, little, drab mouse. Ah! this one brings to mind a romantic summer at Lake Tahoe, and touches me somewhat, for I really did love Benny Halloway; but he was so jingle poor. He paid a month's salary for this ring. No love in a cottage for me. Wasn't I quite right? I wasn't born to love pigs and chickens—not much—save when they are served deliciously on a platter as an appetizing dish."

"Rush!" exclaimed a dame; "that is Benny's wife. They just arrived this evening, and she heard all you said."

"Well, I didn't marry the foolish swains, did I—and wheretore any need of entertaining the green-eyed monster?" answered my lady. "I'm sure twenty girls refused to marry my old darling, and I'm very grateful he could make me sitting in clover to-day. We must look at these little matters philosophically. Now, I presume if I play a game of billiards with Arthur, or waltz with Benny, or encounter any other of the former representatives of these past tokens of affection, Mrs. Grundy and all the wives will stand in a solemn row and protest against his salaic majesty. If I avoid them it will be worse, and I am certainly not going to pack up and go home."

And the stars on her fingers sparkled as she effectively waved her hands in gestures of perplexity.—*San Francisco Post.*

How Gen. Lee Courted Death.

Mr. Reagan gives me a new fact in Gen. Lee's history which is not generally known in the North. He said that towards the downfall of the Confederate government there was considerable feeling among the high officials of the Confederacy that Gen. Lee intended to lose his life on the field of battle. This impression was shared by the officers of Lee's army. Gen. Lee never lost an opportunity of placing himself in a position of danger. Gen. Reagan says that he drove out from Richmond to see Lee and his principal battle of Cold Harbor was fought. As he came up near where he could see Lee's headquarters he saw the shells bursting continually around his tent and ploughing up the ground in front of him. Some of the officers asked Mr. Reagan to try and persuade Gen. Lee to move his headquarters behind a piece of timber near by. All felt that he was exposing his life far too much. Mr. Reagan said to Gen. Lee: "I do not presume to advise any general in the midst of a battle, but are you not exposing yourself too much? Ought you not to go back nearer your reserve?" Gen. Lee said he had no reserve. He had only one line of men. He did not dare to shorten his line for fear it would be turned, and did not dare to thin it for fear it would be broken. Gen. Lee evidently sought death many times during the closing days of the war. That was the view of the Southern leaders then and is still believed by many.

Wild Western Oratory.

Old Col. Zelf, at the time when Grant was up for the Presidency, and when the Democratic watchword was "Anything to beat Grant," was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Comstock Republicans, when a Democrat, who was "hanging on the verge of the crowd," sang out: "It's easy talkin,' colonel, but we'll show you something next fall." The colonel was a Southern Union man of the ultra

Recent Literature.

A book published in pamphlet form by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, entitled "Bietigheim," is destined to attract more than ordinary attention from the general reader. It purports to be a series of lectures delivered in Denver by Hon. John W. Minor, Member of Congress, during the winter of 1882-83, describing the causes, cost and consequences of a great war involving the nations of Europe and the United States in 1890 and '91, most of the fighting being upon the sea and on European ground.

The lectures are three in number, the first one being a detail of the events and influences that led up to the struggle. It begins with the inauguration of Pres. Cleveland and follows closely the political and social occurrences of the succeeding four years until the election of Bayard in 1888 to the Presidency. At the time of his inauguration, not a cloud was visible on the political horizon, but shortly after occurred a wanton act of cruelty upon the part of Germany towards a German-American citizen, who had revisited his native country, and which the German government would make no amends for. This was the beginning of the series of events which led to the great war, the subject of the second lecture.

In this one is described the gathering together of the forces upon both sides of the water. Then comes the passage to the other side, the naval battles, the landing, long months of inaction, and finally the great battle which closed the tremendous consequences described in the third lecture.

Here is shown how a great Guild republic was formed in Europe, how money disappeared and business was done by an exchange of commodities, how a famine brought the trouble that caused the final collapse of this mode of government, and resulted in the final forming of the United States of Europe upon nearly the same basis as that of our own republic.

The language used is exceedingly vivid, and brings everything with an intense realism to the reader. The author has a thorough understanding of the present political condition of the world, and his foreshadowing of future events is exceeding ingenious and skilful.

So many among the thinking class of people have had their attention turned to the subject of Theosophy, that any books or articles bearing upon it and from the pen of a good writer will find interested readers. Among these publications, some of the very best because of the very clear, concise way in which the ideas are expressed, are three small pamphlets from the pen of Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati. One is entitled "The Secret Doctrine of the Ancient Mysteries," a second "The Nature and Aim of Theosophy," and the third, a theological romance, called "The Riddle and Riddles or the Secret of the Rings." The first two are published by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, and the third by the Occult World Press, Rochester, N. Y.

Another of "The Story of the Nations" issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York is entitled "The Story of the Jews" by James K. Hosmer, a writer well fitted for this somewhat difficult task, which he has here performed. The author himself in his preface has well described the difficulties under which he labored in order to bring to the minds of his young readers a proper conception of the character and history of this great people. The book seems to be without prejudice, and to aim to be just to this nation. It is divided into three parts: "The Ancient Tribe," "The Mediæval Nation, and "The Breaking of the Chain" The illustrations are good including among other things the portrait of several of the world renowned Jews, as the Mendelssohns, Cambetta, Disraeli, Heine and others. There are also several maps to make the text plain, and the typography and the binding are good.

"Steam Heating Problems; or, Questions, Answers, and Descriptions Relating to Steam-Heating and Steam-Fitting," from *The Sanitary Engineer*, is a book, the character of which, to anyone who knows anything about the journal from which it is collected, is well known. The volume contains 109 illustrations. The various problems relating to steam-heating are discussed intelligently, and there is a world of information given in regard to that which will be of especial value to those who design, construct, or have the charge of steam-heating apparatus The book will, doubtless, be received with the favor accorded to a former similar publication from the same source, entitled "Plumbing and House Drainage Problems." Address *The Sanitary Engineer*, 140 Williams street, New York.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, send in "The Riverside Series" a little book entitled, "The Cruise of the Alabama," written in sailor's language by one of the crew, P. D. Haywood, who also contributed a brief statement to the *Century Magazine*. It will be found full of interest, written as it is by one who took part in what he describes.

The sixth number of *Puck on Wheels* is a showy pamphlet of about a hundred pages, filled with droll jokes and pictures. It is just the thing for amusement on a railroad trip. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York.

"The Story of the Nations," which is a series of volumes issued by G. P. Putnam's Son's, New York, has obtained a good deal of popularity because they are comprehensive and yet not bulky and have all been the work of good writers. They are also printed and bound in good style with maps and illustrations. Those which have been issued have found a great favor with the reading public. The present volume is the history of Norway by Hjalmar H. Boyesen, the Professor of German in Columbia College, a man well fitted for the work. It begins with the Norsemen, whence they came, their religion, etc. Then follows the story of the Vikings, the reigns of the different kings, the condition of the people, following out the changes which have taken place, the progress made, and the present state of science, literature, art and education in this country. The book is well written and interesting.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for July Mr. David A. Wells concludes his crude and unsatisfactory "Economic Study of Mexico," parts of which are well criticised in a letter from an intelligent Mexican. Other articles are on "Earthquakes," "Silk Culture," "Bohemian Glass," "Transportation and the Federal Government," "Meteorites," "Rustless Iron," "Minerals," "Geological Climate in High Latitudes," etc. There is a sketch and a portrait of Lucretius, the author of the famous "Projection," and much excellent matter in the editorial departments. D. Appleton & Co., New York, $5 a year.

The *Forum* for July contains: "Are We in Danger of Revolution," by Bishop J. L. Spalding; "Confessions of an Episcopalian," "Should the State Teach Religion," by Pres. J. H. Seelye; "Some Experiences With Criminals," by W. M. F. Round; "Shall We Muzzle the Anarchists?" by Prof. H. C. Adams; "Woman's Duty to Woman," by Ella C. Lapham; "Is Labor a Commodity" by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden; "The Manuscript Market," by Junius Henri Browne; "Facts About Civil Service Reform," by George W. Green; "Should Foreign Authors be Protected," by G. P. Lothrop and Roger Sherman. The Forum Publishing company, New York, $3 a year.

The July number of the *New Princeton Review*, of New York, is a brilliant number, presenting to its readers one contribution of much literary interest, beside a number of articles of importance from writers of the first rank on topics of permanent or timely interest. Professor Charles Eliot Norton's "Recollections of Carlyle, with Notes Concerning His 'Reminiscences,'" throws a new and penetrating light on the great writer and on his brilliant biographer. Professor Norton arraigns Mr. Froude for general misrepresentation of Carlyle's character.—A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, $3 a year.

The *North American Review* for July is a bright, vivacious number, ranging over a variety of interests, from Mohammedan marriages to the labor question. Some of the articles are as follows: "Mohammedan Marriages," by Minister S. S. Cox; "Letters to Prominent Persons," to Rev. Dr. Dexter, Arthur Richmond; "Chinese Emigration," Prof. E. W. Gillam; "Should the Government Own the Telegraph?" William A. Phillips; "Defence of Charleston, S. C." Gen. G. T. Beauregard; "The People's Share in Wealth," Edward Gordon Clarke; "Words," Gail Hamilton; Important Historical Letters," introduction by George S. Boutwell, which is of exceptional interest, and many others. New York, $5 a year.

The *Overland Monthly* for July contains a story, called "A Romance of South Dome," by the late Miss Santa Louise Anderson, who was drowned in the Sacramento river while on a yachting excursion a few weeks ago. This lady, a graduate of the University of Michigan, author of a book that was a good deal noticed a few years ago, "An American Girl, and Her Four Years in a Boys' College," and recently principal of a school at San Rafael, and one of the directors of the Pacific Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, was one of the most able and promising of the younger educated women of the West. Other articles are "A Princely Pioneer;" "Crossing the California Sahara;" "Tenting Sketches," among the Sonoma and Mendocino red woods; "With Crawford in Mexico," by one of his officers; and "Unfrequented Paths in Yosemite." San Francisco. $4 a year.

The July *Wide Awake*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, celebrates in various charming ways the arrival of the great American holiday. E. S. Brooks, in his story, "When George the Third was King," gives us an inside view of the famous "Declaration of Independence." Margaret Sidney's ballad, "The Minute Man," is finely illustrated. In the line of instructive papers come Mrs. Sherwood's "Royal Girls of Russia," Mrs. Fremont's "A Morning with the Queen of Denmark," and Appleton Morgan's "A Sixteenth Century School Boy."

Art and Decoration for July is an unusually good number, so many of the ideas being new and full of beauty. This is true of all the departments. Those who desire to obtain many suggestions in the way of home finishing and furnishing will find this magazine an excellent one for their purpose. The illustrations are very good, and there are many of them. Published by Art and Decoration Company, New York. $2.50 a year.

The July number of *The Brooklyn Magazine* offers an attractive table of contents. Miss Beecher's monthly talk tales up the Decollete Question in regard to dress. An article of interest in Salamagundi is "Working Women in London." "The Slave's Daughters" is concluded, bringing vividly back the old days of wrong and bitter anguish to many who suffered so severely. There are many other articles which will be read with pleasure. New York. $2 a year.

The July number of the *Art Amateur*, of New York, contains an attractive colored plate of yellow roses, and half a dozen pages of designs, outline sketches and monograms. The London and New York picture exhibitions receive special attention; the valuable articles on sketching from nature, water-color painting and flower-painting in oils, are continued. An account of the Sevres manufactory is finely illustrated. New York.

The publishers of the *Keynote*, of New York, announce the early appearance of the first installment of a new serial story, entitled "Our Fangled World," by M. French Sheldon, the translator of Flaubert's "Salammbo."

The leading subject of the July number of *Babyhood*, of New York, is the preparation of food for ailing infants, by Marion Harland.

Literary Notes.

The seventh volume of Von Ranke's "History of the World" is ready for the press.

Mr. William Black has completed a new novel, the chief scenes of which are laid in London and Brighton.

Mr. Gosse, who has been re-elected to his Cambridge lectureship, intends to give fewer lectures for the future.

The second volume of the "Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings" will be brought out by the Scribners in the autumn.

Mr. Robert Grant is the author of the novel, "Face to Face," lately published by the Scribners.

The volume of the famous Women Series dealing with Susanna Wesley, will be published in a few days by Roberts Bros.

Mr. Alexander Ireland, the author of a memoir of Emerson and of "The Book-Lovers' Enchiridion," is preparing a selection from the writings of Hazlitt and Hunt.

Mary F. Robinson has written the life of Blanche de Navarre, which is to be included in the "Eminent Women" series.

A pleasanter side of Shelley than has ever been revealed before will be presented, it is said, in Prof. Dowden's forthcoming biography.

"The Story Book of Science," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, part of which appeared as a serial last year in the Pansy Magazine, published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, will be issued in book form by that house in July.

The literary remains of Leopold von Ranke are said to be very important. Dr. Wiedemann, who has been Ranke's intimate friend and fellow worker for about 20 years, will prepare them for publication.

"Boys' Book of Famous Rulers," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, will be issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co. in the early fall. In this work the author gives concise biographical sketches of fifteen famous rulers, arranged chronologically, from Agamemnon to Napoleon I.

Lee & Shepard have in press an elaborate treatise on "The Family" from the historical and sciological points of view, by the Rev. Charles Wallace Tilney. The work draws largely from standard European sources, and deals with modern phases of the subject in a positive way.

Coventry Patmore, the poet, has lately turned his attention from agriculture and landscape gardening to bricks and mortar. Having acquired several houses in quaint old Winchelsea, and in other localities in the neighborhood, it is one of his amusements to constantly drive over to superintend the work of alteration and repair, for he is his own architect and builder.

The title of William Black's forthcoming novel is "Sabina," that being the name of the heroine. She is the daughter of a rich member of Parliament, and has the hobby of working among the poor. To indulge this she leaves her father's house and lives in lodgings. The story will first appear in a series of newspapers.

What Joaquin Miller has to say as to the writing of poetry appears in the July *Lippincott*. "This year," he says, "God willing, I shall stop writing and in a small way take up the law again. For a man who writes constantly cannot think much. And a man who does not think much ought not to have much to say."

The Car Number Craze.

"Car numbers! Oh, who hasn't had that disease sometime during the course of his traveling career?" queried a nervous chap on the Omaha "limited" of his seat-mate.

"Before I went on the road," he continued, "I lived at Park Ridge, a suburban station near Chicago, on the Northwestern road, and used to ride in and out every day. I got to noticing the figures on the freight cars as my train passed along, and finally it got to be a mania with me. The moment I got on a moving car I was at the window looking out for the numbers of freight cars."

"Are you cured?" interrogated his companion.

"Wait and you will see," replied the nervous man. "I thought of the numbers by day and actually dreamed of them by night. My main desire in that connection was to see a consecutive series. I was always on the lookout for the number '12,345,' and if I saw such a number I believe I should have been perfectly satisfied. So interested in the search did I become that I conversed with train men about it and then learned it was a regular mania among the traveling public. The train men have it, too.

"Out on the road I went, still looking for the number. I happened to be out at Denver, Col., one very hot day in June. I got on the Kansas Pacific east-bound train and had just taken my seat in the sleeper when the train pulled out. I was at the window looking out before my eyes was the number '12,345.' It was on a blue car. That cured me. I never look at the car numbers now. If I chance to be looking out of the window and see a freight car, the feeling is strong to look at the number, but I restrain myself, something that I could not do before, as I know how much I suffered in the past."

A Point on Shoes.

Have you been told by the American shoemakers that all the shoes have square toes? Have they even tried to coax you into ugly square-toed slippers? Believe them not. I assure you both English and French boots, shoes, slippers—what you will—are almost as pointed as in the days of our grandmother. Oh! How pretty they look, peeping out from under the dainty, clinging foulard skirts. The tip of the walking boot must no longer be of patent leather, but the same of which one's shoe is made, quite deep and straight across the shoe. For the house, the low, half shoe of the same material as the dress is growing in popularity, unless with white, and then bronze or black velvet or satin is much used. A decided liking for the rhine-stone buckles is gaining ground.

That Terrible Drain

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

A Western View of Beacon Hill—A Marvellous Group of Great Men, Suggesting the Age of Pericles—Kate Field's Great Lecture, and Her Gifts of Oratory.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, BOSTON, July 1.—(Special Correspondence.)—To one in any degree sensitive to the electric vitality inherent in type a first letter to a journal one holds in such respect as the Toledo BLADE, is a little like appearing, unknown and unintroduced, in a drawing-room full of people; and because of this feeling I have delayed for weeks venturing to ask possible space or grace in your columns. If I may come I can only say, in the melancholy language of the white mile-stone that told the traveler, in abbreviated terms, "1 m. Boston" (one mile Boston), and which the tourist mistook for a gravestone and repeated, in amazement, "I'm from Boston; well, those people of the Hub always were called a queer set." Yet there are Bostonians who would, I fancy, announce this as their passport to St. Peter himself at the gates of the city. It is currently related that a brilliant husband sought the aid of a medium to communicate with his wife who had passed beyond, and that his first question was if she liked heaven. She replied, without enthusiasm, that it was pleasant—yes—but still it wasn't Boston. I, who was not, alas! born in Boston, and must needs, therefore, to be born again, feel a sense of sympathetic delight now and then in sharing with my home friends of the West a quiet laugh at the expense of the Hub, which we Western people, after all, divinely regard as our Mecca, and to which we make our pilgrimages. We may set it down as an axiom that we understand Boston far better than Boston understands us. The traveled Bostonian—I don't mean the Bostonian who has merely been to Europe, but the Bostonian who has gone out into his own country and knows something about Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco—such a Bostonian is all very well and is apt to be the most delightful being imaginable; but the Bostonian who has never been farther west than the Berkshire hills and who fancies that anywhere west of the Hoosac range the "natives" are still in blanket and wigwam, I assure you, a subject for our sympathies. It was such an one who remarked sweetly to me a year or two ago: "Miss Whiting, how long have you been in Boston?" "Four years," I replied. "Only four years? Why, how well you speak our language. You have so little of the Western brogue." I endeavored cautiously to lead my interrogator to philological discussion and discover precisely what that "Western brogue" was, but I failed, and am still in an unillumed state regarding the matter. Another worthy Boston lady received a letter from Chicago making some inquiries about the "Society to Encourage Studies at Home," and she replied benignly, offering to send out some books, as she would "gladly help those who were struggling on the frontier." So with all this phase of phenomenal ignorance of our own country, one quite appreciates the assertion of Miss Kate Field, who declared of her own trip to the far West—she went as far as Utah—two years ago, "It has taught me more than a dozen trips to Europe." The truth is that the time has arrived in our country when the East—especially New England—must look to the West for its replenishments by reinforcement. The golden age of New England has past. There has been here a very extraordinary conjunction of great men. For a period of forty years there has centered in Massachusetts a group of men that makes the time remind one of the age of Pericles in Grecian history. If, to those here, I may add one name from the West—our martyred Lincoln—there were at that time, working for the cause of human freedom, Lincoln, Sherman, Phillips, Garrison; there were in science, Pierce and Agassiz; in letters, Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne, Whipple, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Fields, Thoreau. It was a remarkable conjunction. Of this great group—broken anew last week, by the death of Edwin P. Whipple—only Holmes, Lowell and Whittier now remain. Of these the two former have almost abandoned literature to become men of affairs, while the poet Whittier is sadly broken in health. But what I set out to say of New England is that its golden age has gone by; that its best brains and energy went West, and that aside from the "saving remnant" of the cultured few, the great middle West is far in advance, socially, industrially and educationally, of the East. The younger people of the West have an enthusiasm for letters, for science, for progress in general, far surpassing that of the younger people of the East, and when they, as they instinctively seek their companionship with people, a generation older, because they find more intellectual affinities on that plan than with those of their own age. New England is socially, it seems to me a land of extremes. The Yankee has exceptional heights of learning and culture; the masses, as one goes into rural New England, are a generation behind the rural and country village population of the West.

But enough of social economics. Speaking of Miss Kate Field reminds me of her eloquent and able defense of ex-Gov. Murray of Utah, in the columns of the New York *Sun* last week. Miss Field has been in Washington all the spring, and has contributed materially to the securing of better woman legislation. As she came to New York, *in transitu* to Newport, where she is just now sojourning, a reporter of the *Sun* called on her to ask about the President's message recommending a special session of the Utah legislature because the last general appropriation bill passed by that body had been vetoed by the governor of the territory. As there would not be another session of the legislature for two years, the President believed that public order, and the care of educational and charitable institutions, imperatively demanded this proceeding. The *Sun* desired Miss Field's views on this message. She replied that it led the uninitiated to believe that ex-Gov. Murray had exceeded his authority and been guilty of gross wrong. She said:

"In the recent hearing before the House Judiciary committee, several of the 'saints' did not hesitate to assert that, because of vetoing this appropriation bill, Gov. Murray has been 'removed,' forgetting that his resignation had been in the hands of the secretary of the Interior from the beginning of the new administration. The governor was requested to remain at his post, and Gentiles of all parties hoped that the President's pronounced opinions on the civil service meant the retention in office of one who for six years had fought so bravely for republican institutions. A sudden demand by telegraph for Murray's resignation startled all who are interested in the welfare of the great West. 'Why?' asked thousands of Americans, 'What has Gov. Murray done to warrant what amounts to summary dismissal?'"

Miss Field was asked to answer this question for the thousands of Americans who ask it. She made a strong and comprehensive review of the Mormon arguments before the Judiciary committee, and cited the delegates' plea in full. The Mormons represented Gov. Murray's resignation as peremptorily demanded; the facts, as given by Miss Field, are these:

"The organic act of the territory of Utah gives to the governor the duty of filling all territorial offices to be created by the legislature, among them being the territorial treasurer, auditor, and superintendent of public instruction. Ignoring the command of the organic act, the first Utah legislature placed the appointment of these officers in its own hands, while later another statute was passed, making these same officers elective. Four years ago there was no election for territorial officers, and the incumbents held over. Three years ago candidates for these offices were nominated by the Mormons, and the people voted for them, but the Utah commission, then acting under the Edmunds law of 1882, refused to count the votes, holding that there was no authority in law for this particular election. Instead of yielding, the Mormons retained the old officers, thereby defying both governor and Congress. Desiring to obtain a decision on this important point from the present administration, one year ago the Utah commission applied to the secretary of the Interior for instructions."

The documents substantiating this were shown and printed in the *Sun*. Regarding Sec. Lamar Miss Field said:

"It is somewhat strange that in his own report of the Secretary of the Interior, while calling attention to reports from other territories, should have forgotten Gov. Murray's valuable contribution. I do not wish to think that this ignoring of Utah was due, as has been publicly stated, to the fact that Eli H. Murray is a Southern Republican who fought in the Union army. I have met Sec. Lamar, and like him personally, but here is an official act that I should condemn were he my best friend.

"It seems that when the Utah Legislature met last January, Gov. Murray in his message called attention to the unlawful organization of a part of the territorial government, quoted Attorney General Garland's decision, and advised a repeal of all laws inconsistent with the act of Congress establishing the Territory of Utah. The Legislature began its session by a direct insult to the governor, in refusing the common courtesy of printing this message, which in every vital respect was disregarded."

The appropriation bill which Gov. Murray vetoed, was clearly defined by Miss Field. I wish space would permit me to reproduce it. In closing, she said:

"These are the facts, and the law-loving President of the United States, wrongly informed, has asked Congress to bring back to life a disloyal legislature. The law providing for the election of a legislature limits its existence to a session of 60 days, beginning on a certain day. The late legislature fulfilled its extreme functions, and is dead. To revive such a body is to do a gross wrong to republican institutions. If Congress can bring back the dead it can appoint a legislative commission, which is really the only sensible way out of the Mormon imbroglio, and the only way that really recommends itself to Utah Gentiles and to investigators of the Mormon conspiracy. But the new Edmunds bill, as revised and improved by the House Judiciary committee, is the next best thing to a commission, and I shall be thankful if it passes the House in its present shape."

Miss Field gave her opinion that Congress should call together no legislature of this sort, and quoted the constitution which says "Congress shall make all rules and regulations concerning the territory or other property belonging to the United States." Her idea that Congress should authorize the Utah commission, engaged at an expense of $40,000 a year for doing little or nothing, to take charge of this matter, and to pay over to the legally appointed officers the moneys needed for the various appropriations. "To breathe life into the late Utah legislature," added Miss Field, "would be a blot on our national escutcheon."

I dwell on this at some length because the treason of Mormonism is a serious national problem of the present. Miss Field will start next month, I believe, on another prolonged lecture tour through the West, and her presentation of the question is strong and eloquent. Kate Field holds today the first place on the modern platform. Her lectures are fine and forcible in quality, and are delivered with a faultless grace of manner and an impressiveness of presence that is, I believe, unequaled. Oratory that seemed with the death of Webster and Calhoun to be a lost art in America is restored to us by a woman, and that woman is Kate Field.

Boston is to have a visit from Miss Kathleen O'Meara, of Paris, whose charmingly-told recollections of "Mme. Mohl, her Salon and her Friends," published by Roberts Bros. of this city, have delighted so many readers. She sailed on the 19th, and will come directly to this city as the guest of Mrs. Annie Fields, and later of the Wainwrights, at their seashore cottage. An American lady who has recently met Miss O'Meara in Paris says of her that she has "poet's hair," and is full of vivacity and conversational charm, as one would readily imagine from her writings. In her opening paper on Mme. Mohl Miss O'Meara said of the fine art of conversation: "When we consider how much pleasure, amusement, even downright happiness is to be got out of talk the wonder is that so little is done toward cultivating it. Formerly the French understood this, and gave as much time and care to the cultivation of talk as to that of any other fine art. Their salons were schools where the art of conversation was taught, arenas where adepts and pupils exercised themselves in the game. To say of a woman 'Elle cause bien' was to pay her a far more delicate and flattering tribute than to praise her beauty or even her dress." Miss O'Meara is the author of "Diana Coryvale" in the No Name Series, and of one or two other books of interest. But her chief fame will doubtless rest on her graphic and charming reproduction for us of Mme. Mohl's salon, with all its nameless enchantment and subtle fascination. She has galvanized the dead bones to life, and we feel again, in reading these records, all their magnetism and power. Miss O'Meara's visit to America will be an event of mingled social and literary interest.

LILIAN WHITING.

POISONOUS CANDIES.

The Days of Adulteration Past—A New Era In The Candy-Making World—Only Cheap Stuff Unwholesome.

"The most unhappy people in the world are those who believe that their fellow men are constantly practicing frauds upon them," said a leading confectioner to a BLADE reporter. "And you would be surprised to know how many really think that nothing pure and wholesome is made in these days. Now it has to be common belief that confectioners mix poisonous substances with their candies so that they are unhealthy and unwholesome. A few years ago such was the case. To-day it is quite different. No confectioner, who has a care for his reputation, will put anything in his candies which would not pass the inspection of the most exact physician."

"What has brought about this reform?"

"The demands of the people and the reputation of the profession. As soon as candymakers learned that their business was growing into disrepute by reason of the adulterations, they formed an association and declared war against the poisonous compounds. Then, too, the health authorities took hold of the matter and passed stringent rules which compelled manufacturers in the larger cities to quit their adulterations, and the result has been a general purification of the business. The National Confectioners' association, a society composed of the leading candymakers of the country, will not only expel any member found guilty of using terra alba or other mineral substances or injurious colors in the manufacture of confectionery, but will also prosecute the guilty persons. Furthermore, it has a standing offer of $100 for evidence that will enable it to convict any person of this offense. The use of any material whatsoever that tends to reduce the quality of candy below the sugar standard is discountenanced by the association. The confectionery business has been injured greatly by false charges, but the abuses will be corrected shortly by legislative aid. In New York, the bill to amend the laws touching the adulteration of food, so as to include candies in its provisions, passed the Assembly and Senate, and will doubtless become a law. This bill makes the use of deleterious ingredients in candy manufacture as great an offense in any part of the state. Similar bills have been introduced in other state legislatures where needed. There is no necessity for using any harmful material now. Sugar is cheap and chemistry has furnished us with all kinds of harmless vegetable colorings, making it inencusable for any one to employ chrome colors, Prussian blue, burnt umber or Venetian red. If you have any doubts about a piece of candy being wholesome, drop it into a cup of water. If pure it will readily dissolve, but if there are any mineral substances, talc, or terra alba present they will remain undissolved. This is a simple test, but for ordinary purposes it is effective and certain."

"Do you mean to say that there are no longer any adulterations of candy?"

"No, I would not say that. There is plenty of cheap candies that contain deleterious substances. But it is for the most part stuff which is made by irresponsible persons in cellars and garrets, out of the way of the health officials. These persons, mostly foreigners by the way, have no reputation to maintain. Their goods are hawked in the streets and they care little about the character or quality of the materials which they employ. It so happens, though, that they have little need for ingredients which are really dangerous. They make for the most part cheap, common stock, and corn meal, cerealine, starch and flour are the adulterants which they mostly use. If the health officials do their whole duty it would not be long before impure confectionary would be unknown in the United States."

"Do you know of any cases of candy poisoning?"

"I have known of one or two, but nearly all of the cases which are reported to be due to candy, are, in fact, due to other causes. For instance, a neighbor's son was taken ill one night and the parents were frightened to death. I had given him a handful of peppermint drops a few hours before, and they insisted that it was the drops that made him sick. Nothing would convince them otherwise, but on later investigation it was found that the boy had followed up the candy with two or three apples. To make sure I took some of the same drops to a chemist and had them analyzed. He found them to be of the pure stuff, without a particle of adulteration. From observation I am satisfied that at least nine out of ten cases of alleged poisoning by candy eating, are the result of something else."

Beware of Quack of Medicines.

The Nerve Invigorator, manufactured by Dr. Ganss, will strengthen every nerve in the human body. It will make the old feel young and the young that are sick well. To all who are suffering with nervous weakness, early decay, loss of man or womanhood, etc., one box of Nerve Invigorating Pills will cure you. Price $1 per box.

No family should be without the Female Regulating Pills, manufactured by Dr. Ganss. For suppressed menses produced by cold or painful menstruation, etc., they are ahead of all others. Price $1 per box.

To those who are troubled with tape worm or with cancers, weus, tumors, ulcers, old sores, etc., we will send you a prescription that will cure you upon receipt of $2. Give your age.

If either above should not give satisfaction return box or prescription and get your money.

For either above enclose said price. Address, W. Bartlett & Co., Druggists and Chemists, cor. Huron and Magnolia Streets, Toledo, O., Sole Agents.

CHEAP ALUMINUM.

A New Era Dawning on the World—The Most Abundant and Most Elusive of Metals Finally Captured—An Invention that Will Make Iron and Steel Antiquated.

Several months ago the BLADE contained the announcement that a metallurgist of this vicinity had, after years of study and experiment, succeded in inventing a process for obtaining aluminum—the metal which is the base of all clays—in metallic form, and probably so cheaply that it could at once compete with iron and steel for all uses. The article created intense interest in scientific and metallurgical circles. It was widely copied in periodicals devoted to the many industries which would be revolutionized by such a discovery, and numbers of letters of inquiry were received from gentlemen and firms anxious to know more of this wonderful discovery.

The BLADE is now able to declare the entire success of the experiments, which have been made on an actual commercial scale, and to make the astounding announcement to the world that the entire range of metal industries will be entirely and completely revolutionized. The days of iron and steel are numbered, and aluminum will be the king of metals in the future. This statement appears incredible; but it is nevertheless strictly and entirely true. The facts in the case are herewith given:

The invention is that of a metallurgist named Seymour, now at Findlay, Ohio, where the experimental works are located. It will be called the "Seymour process." It is a process of obtaining the pure metal in a furnace, but at a much lower heat than that needed for iron. Mr. Seymour is an American; so the honor of the greatest discovery of modern times is reserved to our own country. He is a thorough metallurgist, who has spent his life in researches, which have led up to this invention as the result of 25 years of study.

Aluminum is now sold at $10 per pound, and this is the lowest price it has ever reached. The process used required six days. The Seymour process will turn out pure aluminum from the crude clay in six hours, at a cost of less than a dollar a pound! More than this: alloys can be made from clay and the ores of other metals in the same time; for instance, in six hours, from from crude clay and copper ore, aluminum bronze, which contains from 5 to 10 per cent of aluminum, and is the best material in the world for cannon, journal bearings, and a variety of other important uses, can be obtained direct.

It may be of interest to recapitulate the properties and uses of aluminum. It is the most abundant constituent of the earth's crust. Every square foot of surface of a state, is a veritable ore-bed of aluminum; for the basis of all clay is alumina, which is an oxide of the metal. Aluminum is a a white metal, next in luster to silver. It is only one-third the weight of iron, being lighter than glass; in fact, it is about as heavy, bulk for bulk, as chalk or pine wood. Hence a pound of aluminum is much larger in bulk than a pound of iron. It is as malleable as gold, more tenacious than iron, and harder than steel, being next to the diamond in hardness. It melts at 1,300°, at least 600° below the melting point of iron. It does not rust in the open air, nor tarnish by contact with gases, as does silver. The enumeration of its properties sounds like a fairy tale.

When one is asked to enumerate the uses to which it can be put, the mind is bewildered at the vast possibilities. It is the ideal metal for railway use. An aluminum steamship will weigh only one-third as much as an iron one of the same size; hence she will have only one-third the draft, and can carry at least double the weight of cargo of an iron vessel. The ocean steamers built of this metal, can increase their speed on account of their lightness. They will be made of thinner and lighter plates of metal; have stronger but much lighter engines; a larger and stronger propeller. In fact, with aluminum vessels and engines of the same material, travel by water will rival the speed attained on land. The ocean will be the highway of nations, indeed. It can be cast, or worked under the hammer, rolled into sheets, drawn into rods or wire, or deposited by galvanism.

Its tensile strength is marvelous. In the form of wire it equals 128,000 pounds to the square inch, and under other conditions reaches 100,000 pounds. Bridges made of it will be lighter than wooden ones of equal strength, and far than the finest wrought steel. They will be indestructible, for they will not rust. The Brooklyn bridge will be trivial to those it is possible to build of aluminum. The best wrought steel guns of Great Britain and Germany only reach a tensile strength of 70,000 pounds to the square inch. A gun can be cast of aluminum bronze that will weigh only about half as much and yet be stronger and carry a heavier charge. For all kinds of firearms aluminum opens a new era. A French commission recommended the government to throw away all the guns it now possesses and replace them with others of aluminum bronze, if it could be bought for $6 a pound. The Seymour process makes it at $1 a pound.

It is the ideal metal for pipes. It will take the place of all others in plumbing, and renders the indefinite extension of communication by pneumatic tubes possible. As an electrical conductor it is almost equal to copper, and it will supplant both iron and copper wire in telegraphy and electric lighting. As a material for steam boilers, it enables us to carry higher pressure at reduced cost and increased safety, as it is a better conductor of heat than iron, and stronger.

Having bulk and strength without weight it is the ideal metal for every requirement of architecture. All kinds of furniture and house fittings may be made of it, which will have the luster of silver, yet never tarnish or grow dim. Buildings may be erected to which the iron and glass Crystal Palace was but a toy. There are possibilities now undreamed of for it in architecture, in warships, in house, public buildings, ornamental structures, etc. We may realize in sober earnest the dream of a silver city, the facades, roofs and towers of the buildings glittering in the undimmed brightness of aluminum.

As it is very light, very strong, and will not rust, it is eminently fitted for all household and cooking utensils. The black and grimy array of pots, pans and kettles will give way to the whiteness of aluminum. Food cooked in it takes no taste from it, unlike copper and tin, while it is stronger than silver.

It will make type that will wear ten times as long as printing type now, and not half as heavy. Being so light, it will replace all wood type. Printers' chases, furniture, galleys and composing sticks will be made of it, as well as cases to hold type, which will be lighter than wooden ones, and indestructible.

Some of its alloys—and it alloys with all metals—are the finest possible anti-friction metals. Hence, all machines, of whatever kind, may be made lighter, hence cheaper, and their speed and power be largely increased. From other alloys, knives, razors, saws, swords, scythes, and all cutting implements may be made, which will receive and hold an edge finer than that of the best steel. An experiment in the postage stamp department of the French government showed that 120,000 blows were out the steel cushion of the stamp machine. A cushion of aluminum bronze was substituted, and was unaffected after months of wear.

There can never be any monopoly of the crude ore, for all clays and shales have from 20 to 50 per cent. of aluminum. The only task now before the world is to utilize this vast amount of material. Aluminum has vaster possibilities than iron, and will supplant it in all the arts of life. The age of iron will be as completely superseded as has been the stone age of primeval man. Aluminum is the metal of the immediate future.

The clay so far used is an ordinary quality of kaolin, or white clay, such as is used for common table ware. It contains 54 per cent. of aluminum, 9 per cent. of silica (sand,) traces of iron, and the remainder of inert earths. It can be made of ordinary brick clay, but it is cheaper to obtain kaolin, for the metal is much easier reduced, and it contains a greater per cent. of aluminum. Kaolin is very abundant, and Ohio contains enough to supply the world.

The Seymour process has been patented in all civilized countries. An experimental plant was built at Findlay, using natural gas for fuel, and has proven the process a complete success, both in a scientific and a commercial sense. This establishment is to be enlarged to one hundred times its capacity at once, and as rapidly as working companies can be organized plants will be erected elsewhere. The parent company has been organized in Detroit, with a paid-up capital of $2,500,000, with the secretary of state of Michigan, the general manager of the Flint & Pere Marquette road, and other substantial men in its directorate.

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Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and prevents the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

The Camp Fire.

WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO?

BY J. S. ELLIS.

Our dailies teem with daring deeds,
And books are filled with fame;
Brass bands will play and cannons roar
In honor of the name.
Of men who held commissions and
Were honest, brave and true,
But still the question comes to me,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp
When foes were hovering 'round?
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?
Who laid them in the ground?
Who sent the dying message home
To those he never knew?
If officers did all of this,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to fill the place
Of comrades slain in strife?
Who were the men to risk their own
To save a comrade's life?
Who was it lived on salted pork
And bread too hard to chew
If officers did this alone
What did the privates do?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights
All eager for the fray?
Who marched beneath the scorching sun
Through many a toilsome day?
Who paid the sutler double price
And scanty rations drew?
If officers get all the prize,
Then, what did privates do?

All honor to the brave old boys
Who rallied at the call
Without regard to name or rank
We honor one and all.
They're passing over one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone
To where the books will surely show
Just what the privates done.

All Sorts of War Chats.

The only female who was ever made an orderly sergeant in the United States army during the late war, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, was Miss Theresa Kelly, now a resident of that city.

E. R. Huff, Co. H., 67th Ind., Co. L. of Birdseye, Ind., is anxious to hear more from members of his regiment. He thinks he recognized Lieut. Priestley, one of the contributors to the CAMP FIRE, the Capt. Friedly of Co. E.

O. H. Pierce has a lengthy interview in the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, in which he details his experience at Andersonville, where he was a prisoner for six months. His description of the Raiders is so like that of Col. McElroy in his work "Andersonville" as to constrain one to believe that the two must have been comrades, or at least near neighbors.

A. Cropsey, Vicksburg, Mich., says: "I think Wm. H. Johnson is about right in regard to the battle of Pea Vine Creek. Our brigade crossed the creek in the morning of July 20. Newton's division of the 4th corps on our left was attacked about noon by three lines of rebels, while we had but one; but they were driven back in their line of works. They left their dead and wounded on the field, would not let them bury them, nor give the troops, nor would they take care of them themselves. The battle was fought by the 20th corps, and Newton's division of the 4th corps. I forget what battery was engaged with us."

Early

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in every instance, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Effect of Alcoholic Liquors.

M. H., Farmer, Ia.:

I would like to know the effect of alcoholic liquors upon the system.

Whether induced by fermented liquors or by distilled spirits, it is through the alcohol contained in either that the effects of intoxication ensue. The effects of alcohol, in its single and undiluted form, are almost instantaneous, by which the spirit has been taken. If swallowed rapidly, in large quantities, or in a concentrated form, the agency is that of a powerful narcotic poison. The mode of its action here is largely through a direct impression by the alcohol on the nerves of the stomach, and partly by its absorption into the blood, and its transmission thus to the brain, which is proved to take place with great rapidity, as the breath of any habitual inebriate drunk, in moderate doses, is that of a somewhat rapid stimulant. The bodily and mental powers are for a time excited beyond their ordinary strength, after which follows a state of corresponding depression. Although the alcohol which is introduced into the system cannot act as a true food (for in that case it would not pass through the system unchanged), it indirectly takes the place of food, by diminishing the wear and tear of the system, and thus rendering less food sufficient. In animals destroyed when intoxicated, the portions of the brain and of the liver are found to yield, weight for weight, a much greater proportion of the sea and the heights of the mountains. In of blood than usual. The fact of the retention and accumulation of alcohol in the nervous centers and liver tends to throw much light on the special diseases of drunkards, where the appear the fat ordinary drunkard. In the disease in ingrained, the sheep is disturbed, and the vigor of France and capacity for exertion sink accordingly, the limbs often aching and trembling, and the horse having to be urged with the whip from nervous exhaustion. Even prior to this the drunkard is often liable to those minor illusions which end in the full development of that known as the "drunkard's delirium," or delirium tremens, a form of temporary insanity characterized by a state of abject terror, with shaking of the limbs, the sufferer fancying that he is surrounded with monstrous phantoms, that he is pursued by, or otherwise to, terrors, disasters or crimes. In this state, if the miserable man does not take his own life, he is ready, without provocation, to take the life of any one with whom he comes in contact. Combined with this, or one of the customary presence of alcohol in the blood of the drinker, is to reduce the vitality of that fluid, so that it tends to sustain only the lowest forms of nutrition, and to undergo decay with peculiar rapidity. In short part, merely an inert fat within those organs where it should minister to the growth and maintenance of a delicate construction, destined for uses essential to life. Thus we have fatty degeneration, or changes of higher structures into fat, in the heart, the liver, and in the blood-vessels, the coats of the last becoming easily ruptured. Hence, liability to diseases of the heart and of the liver, often followed by dropsies, or to affections of the other substances, or to attacks of apoplexy and death. If not cut off abruptly in the career, the life of the drunkard becomes one long malady towards its close, the final condition being usually one of imbecility of mind and body, yet with the thirst of such to the last. It has been authoritatively shown that, while the average expectation of future life to the temperate man at 50 may be reckoned at 20 years, that of the drunkard at the same age, if habitual by a spare. The between the ages of 21 and 30, the deaths among drunkards have been found to be more than five times, and between 31 and 50, more than four times what occur among the general community at the same ages.

Portugal.

C. B., Brookville, O.:

Please give a description of Portugal, climate, etc.

It is bounded on the east and north by Spain, and on the west and south by the Atlantic. Its shape is nearly a parallelogram. Greatest length from north to south, 345 miles; greatest breadth, 140 miles. Its coast is occasionally bold, but is mostly low and sandy. The number of bays exceed twenty, but the only ones of importance are those of Lisbon, Oporto, Setubal, Faro, Figueira, Averio, and Viana. The interior is generally mountainous. The principal plateau is the Alemtejo and the Terra de Braganza. The chief valleys are those of Chaves, Villarica, and Besteiros. Mica generally forms the nucleus of the mountains. The mineral wealth is treasured in the beds, which include coal, cobalt, bismuth, antimony, fine marble, slate, salt, saltpetre, lithographic stones, millstones, and porcelain earth. Some gold is also washed from the sands, and mines of silver, lead, cobalt and rock-crystals are found in different places. Few countries, in proportion to their extent, are better supplied with large navigable rivers. The climate is generally good, but the proximity of the sea and the heights of the mountains. In general, however, the winter is short and mild, and in some places never completely interrupts the course of vegetation. Early in February the vegetation is in full vigor; the plants shoot forth, rapidly attain maturity, and, if not harvested, wither away. During the month of July the heat is often extreme, and, when seldom falling in the whole country, particularly along the coast, assumes a very parched appearance. In September, the sky, which had been previously severe, becomes overcast, and copious showers of rain fall; the rivers swell, and the plains of the fields again become covered with flowers and verdure. Winter usually sets in about the end of November. The climate is in general healthy, especially in the elevated and open regions and on the plateaus of the interior. From October to April deluges of rain continue to fall, and violent hurricanes and thunder storms are not infrequent. Shocks of earthquake, too, are sometimes felt, particularly in the vicinity of the metropolis. There are few countries possessing a more varied flora. Many of the mountains are covered with the forests. Fruits of excellent quality are common in every quarter, and in the warmer districts the orange, lemon and olive are cultivated on an extensive scale. Agriculture is at a very low ebb, however. The principal exports are wine, brandy, vinegar, fruit, salt, oil, pork, fruit, (particularly chestnuts, walnuts, almonds, olives, oranges and lemons), silk, wool, cork, sumach, hermes, leeches, bones, glass and porcelain. The principal imports are wheat, rye, barley, maize, salt provisions (particularly cod), woolen, cotton, linen, and silk tissues, iron, steel and various other metals. The government is an hereditary constitutional monarchy. Education is in a very low state. The population is about 5,000,000. The colonial possessions of Portugal, situated in Africa and Asia, embrace a total area of 709,-469 English square miles. The total population is about 3,345,709.

Iron-Clads.

O. B. M., Palmyra, O.:

When, where and by what nation was the first iron-clad built?

The first attempts at making iron-clad vessels were made by the Normans in the twelfth century, who put an armature or belt of iron around their vessels just above the water line; while at terrified the enemy by a spar. The crusaders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries protected their ships in a similar manner. In 1782 the chevalier d'Arcon, at the unsuccessful attack of Gibraltar, erected what were often floating batteries having their tops bomb-proof and the sides protected by parapets six feet thick, composed of hard wood, re-enforced by cork wood, leather and bars of iron. For seventeen hours they withstood the fiery fire of artillery concentrated upon them, but finally yielded to red-hot shot. Robert Fulton commenced the construction of the Demologos in June, 1813, and launched the vessel on the 4th of July, 1815. Her name was afterwards changed to the Fulton. This vessel seems to have been far ahead of her time, and, although never used in warfare, was doubtless superior to anything of the kind afloat in the world at that day. She was destroyed by the explosion of her magazine in 1829. In 1858 the Fulton II. was constructed. Her wooden walls were covered with a thin plating of iron. It is not positively impossible to say who was the real inventor of iron-plated ships. In 1842 Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., proposed to the United States government the construction of iron-clads, but the project was abandoned, and never finished. The French constructed iron-clads in 1858, and England and Austria in 1860. James B. Eads, a civil engineer residing in St. Louis, constructed for the government, in 1861, several iron-clads to be used on the Mississippi river. Their names were the St. Louis, Carondelet, Cairo, Mound City, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg. These vessels were the first iron-clads actually employed in warfare by the United States. The Monitor, which did such effective work in Hampton Road, was constructed by John Ericsson, of New York, but the plan upon which she was based was conceived by Theodore R. Timby, of Duchess county, N. Y. Other nations were quick to see and appropriate the ideas of Mr. Timby.

Velocity of Wheels.

J. H. W., Ceylon, O.:

Does the top of a wheel run faster than the bottom? Explain the matter, and do not answer "yes" or "no."

It depends. Every portion of the circumference of a wheel whose action is stationary obviously moves with the same velocity. Where the axle is that of a vehicle moving forward, the case is the same, so far as the mere motion of revolution about the axle is concerned. But if the observer will take the pains to notice closely how a wheel measures its circumference on the ground as the vehicle progresses he will see that the motion of revolution about the wheel's axle is secondary to another revolution of the entire wheel, hub and all, about its point of contact with the ground. He is, therefore, otherwise to errors, disasters or crimes. In this state, if the miserable man does not take his own life, he is ready, without provocation, to take the life of any one with whom he comes in contact. Combined with this, or one of the customary presence of alcohol in the blood of the drinker, is to reduce the vitality of that fluid, so that it tends to sustain only the lowest forms of nutrition, and to undergo decay with peculiar rapidity. In short part, merely an inert fat within those organs where it should minister to the growth and maintenance of a delicate construction, destined for uses essential to life. Thus we have fatty degeneration, or changes of higher structures into fat, in the heart, the liver, and in the blood-vessels, the coats of the last becoming easily ruptured. Hence, liability to diseases of the heart and of the liver, often followed by dropsies, or to affections of the other substances, or to attacks of apoplexy and death. If not cut off abruptly in the career, the life of the drunkard becomes one long malady towards its close, the final condition being usually one of imbecility of mind and body, yet with the thirst of such to the last. It has been authoritatively shown that, while the average expectation of future life to the temperate man at 50 may be reckoned at 20 years, that of the drunkard at the same age, if habitual by a spare. The between the ages of 21 and 30, the deaths among drunkards have been found to be more than five times, and between 31 and 50, more than four times what occur among the general community at the same ages.

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its movement of revolution about the axle is not faster than that of the bottom. The seeming difficulty of the case disappears when it is remembered that the hub is moving forward.

Blackberry Wine.

F. V., Scottville, Ill.:

Please publish a recipe for making blackberry wine.

To make 10 gallons of this cheap and excellent wine, press the juice out of sufficient fresh ripe blackberries to make 4½ gallons; wash the pomace in 4½ gallons soft spring water, and thoroughly dissolve in it 6 pounds white sugar to each gallon of water (brown sugar will do for an inferior wine); strain the juice into this syrup, and mix them. Fill a cask with it perfectly full, and lay a cloth loosely over the bung-hole, placing the cask where it will be perfectly undisturbed. In two or three days fermentation will commence, and the impurities rise over at the bung. Look at it every day, and if it does not run over, with some of the mixture which you have reserved in another vessel fill it up to the bung. In about three weeks, fermentation will have ceased, and the wine will be still; fill it again, drive in the bung tight, nail a tin over it, and let it remain undisturbed until the following March. Then draw it off, without shaking the cask, put it into bottles, cork tightly, and seal over. Some persons add spirit to the wine, but instead of doing good, it is only an injury. The more carefully the juice is strained, the better the quality of the sugar, and the more scrupulously clean the utensils and casks, the purer and better will be the wine.

Miscellaneous.

F. W. C., Eaton, Ill.: You should have applied to your member of Congress. Perhaps it is not too late yet.

E. J. S., Evansville, Ind.: The bill never became a law, so far as we know. The only way to secure pay for property destroyed during the war is by Congressional legislation. Write to your member of Congress.

T. C., Bentwood, Cal.: The organ used in the Exposition Building at Cincinnati, Ohio, is the largest in this country. It is 60 feet in height, 30 feet in depth, and 50 feet in width, and has 6,387 pipes and 94 stops.

To a number of correspondents: The Bureau will not give an opinion regarding the character or liability of any person or firm; neither will the address of any person be given, where the manifest intention is to annoy by sending letters which would never be answered.

E. H., (no postoffice): The *American Architect and Building News* is published in Boston; the *Manufacturer and Builder* is published in New York.

C. A. T., Malta, O.: Rice was introduced into this country from Madagascar through the gift of a sack of rice by the captain of a vessel driven in to Charleston, S. C., in 1694, to Thomas Smith, who planted it in his garden and distributed the seeds.

Reader, Loveland, Col.: There are certain proofs needed to secure pensions to widows, which should be made known to applicants by pension office officials. Have your member of Congress look after the matter, if the pension office will not answer your letters.

Sub, New Winchester, Ind.:

Will you please publish the "Blue Laws of Connecticut"?

Have been published in this department. Among other things, the Blue Laws made it a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday.

E. L. B., Palmyra, Ia.: The legislation you speak of has not been made a party question in Congress, Republicans and Democrats having favored and opposing it. The matter has all been given in the news columns of the BLADE, and the Bureau cannot spare the space to republish it.

J. W. B., Blair, Neb.:

Please give an account of Owen Meredith, author of "Lucile."

Owen Meredith was the *nom de plume* of Robert, only son of Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, and this is all we can learn about him.

J. K. H., Ducktown, Tenn.:

1. Where can I obtain Henry Wilson's speeches? 2. Was John McElroy a prisoner at Andersonville?

1. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O., for book or any description. 2. Yes. You should order a copy of "Andersonville," written by him. See advertisement in BLADE.

W. N. R., Booth, Dak.: "Gulliver's Travels" were written by Jonathan Swift, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 30, 1667; died in the same city, Oct. 19, 1745. The above named work was a series of humoristic satires on the weaknesses of human nature, the follies of society, and the foibles of certain individuals against whom Swift cherished personal antipathies.

A. M., Nicholas C. H., W. Va.:

Who was the first monarch of the world?

Assyria, an Asiatic country between Mesopotamia and Media, was the seat of the first recorded monarchy, where Nimrod or Belus reigned, 2245 B. C. Misraim built cities in Egypt, and was the first who assumed the title of king in that division of the earth, 2188 B. C.

R. C. M., Duluth, Minn.:

1. How far is Ann Arbor, Mich., from Toledo? 2. How did the place get the name of Ann Arbor?

1. Forty-six miles northwest. 2. The first settlers were John Allen, of Virginia, and Elisha W. Rumsey, of New York, who with their families located in the town in 1824. They also built an arbor composed of oak poles covered with boughs, and the name of each of their wives being Ann, the new settlement was called "Ann's Arbor," from which the city secured its present name.

Reader, Illinois:

Please give a sketch of the Orange riot in New York, with cause and date of the occurrence.

The riot occurred on July 12, 1871. The Orangeman planned to parade, in celebration of the battle of the Boyne, when they were attacked by Catholics. There were 67 killed and 137 wounded during the riot, as reported at the time.

D. N., Ashville, O.:

1. What does the L. stand for in Stewart L. Woolford's name? 2. Who is Private Dalzell? 3. Have you got any of Hon. James G. Blaine's portraits?

1. Do not know. 2. A lawyer of Caldwell, O., who has gained a reputation by his advocacy of the rights of privates. He has been a member of the Ohio legislature, and held other offices. 3. No.

G. A. R., Oxford, O.:

1. In what battle of the late war was the greatest number of men killed? 2. How many were killed at Gravelotte? 3. Were more men killed at Cold Harbor than at Gettysburg?

Gettysburg. In the loss of the Germans, in killed and wounded, was about 20,000; and that of the French, who occupied superior positions, and acted on the defensive, about 13,-000. 3. No; but there was a greater disparity in the losses of the two armies—the Union loss is killed being about eight times that of the rebels.

M. J. H., Neversink, N. Y.:

Please describe the process of staining glass.

Different colors are given to glass by the addition of metallic oxides. For amethyst, oxide of manganese is used; for blue, oxide of cobalt; for brown, oxide of iron; for green, black oxide of copper; for purple, oxide of gold; for ruby red, suboxide of copper; for white, oxide of tin; for yellow, oxide of silver. These substances are either added to the melted contents of the glass-pot, or are applied in a thin layer to the surface of the object, which is then heated until the coloring compound fuses.

F. B., Larned, Kan.:

1. In what particular will Ireland be benefitted by home rule? 2. Why are Orangemen opposed to home rule? 3. Is the same true with that govern England govern Ireland, Scotland and Wales?

1. This can best be answered by asking in what particular Kansas is benefitted by home rule. Human nature is pretty much the same in Ireland as in the United States. 2. On religious grounds principally. 3. Not altogether. The Bureau has explained how these countries are governed.

C. S. F., (no postoffice):

1. What would it cost to get a polishing powder patented? 2. If sold in packages and manufactured by myself, would I need it patented? 3. What would be best way to put eggs to keep six or eight months without spoiling?

1. On filing each application for a patent $15; on issuing each original patent (17 years), $20. 2. If you expect to be protected you must have it patented. 3. Pack in bran, or pour olive oil, milk of lime, solution of gum-arabic, or cover them with any air-proof varnish; then pack in bran, oats, meal, salt, ashes, or charcoal powder. Two coatings of celluloid or a single coating of paraffine might be equally effective.

Sub., Malvern, O.:

Please give a simple recipe for making grape wine.

Put twenty pounds of ripe, fresh-picked and well-selected grapes into a stone jar, and pour on them six quarts boiling water; when the water has cooled enough, squeeze the grapes well with the hand; cover the jar with a cloth, and let it stand for three days; then press out the juice, and to ten pounds add ten pounds crushed sugar. After it has stood for a week, scum, strain, and bottle it, corking loosely. When the fermentation is complete, strain it again and bottle it, corking it tightly. Lay the bottles on their side, in a cool place.

E. J. P., Brainerd, Kan.:

Please explain where they begin to number the townships of a county.

Either north or south from the base line. The north and south lines bounding and marking the township are known as range lines, and the east and west as township lines. The 36 sections of each township are numbered in order, beginning with the northeast corner, and then proceeding along the north side of the township to section 6 in the northwest corner; section 7 begins the next line of sections south, the numbers running east to 12, and then beginning the third line with 13 and running west to 18, and so on, bringing 36 in the northeast corner of the township.

W. C., Alston, Ark.: To nickle-plate without a battery, immerse the article to be plated in the following plating-fluid: Take equal parts of water and concentrated chloride of zinc solution, heat to boiling, then add drop by drop hydrochloric acid until the precipitate formed by the union of the above has disappeared. Add a small quantity of zinc powder, which produces a zinc coating on the metal as far as the liquid extends. Enough of the nickle salt (the chloride or sulphate) answers equally well) is now introduced to color the liquids distinctly green; the article to be plated is then placed into it together with some zinc chippings, and the liquid is brought to a boiling point. The nickle is precipitated in the course of fifteen minutes and objects will be found to be completely coated.

W. J., (no postoffice):

When was the Black Hawk war fought, and how long did it continue?

From the middle of May to August 2, 1832.

S. R. K., Muskegon, Mich., writes: March 4 was designated or made inaugural day in this manner: After the framing and adoption of the constitution of the United States, Congress on September 13, 1788, appointed the first Wednesday of January, 1789, for the choice of Electors for President, and first Wednesday of March, 1789, for commencing the government under the constitution. Now the first Wednesday of March, 1789, was the 4th of March, and as by section 1 of article 2 of the constitution the President holds his office for four years, the 4th of March became inauguration day by law, without any reference to its falling on Sunday.

L. G., Long Branch, Mo.:

Please give directions how to bottle and keep lemon juice.

Buy lemons when cheap and keep them in a cool place two or three days; roll them to make them squeeze easily. Squeeze the juice in a bowl, and strain through muslin, which will not permit a particle of the pulp to pass through. Have ready one-half and one-quarter ounce phials, perfectly dry. Fill them with the juice so near the top as only to admit one-half teaspoonful of sweet oil in each, or a little more if for larger bottles. Cork them tight, and put them in a cool, dark place. When you want the juice, open such a sized bottle as you will use in a few days. Wind some clean cotton on a skewer, and dip it in, to absorb all the oil. When the oil is removed the juice will be as fine as when first bottled.

Reader, Knoxville, Ill.:

1. How many rooms does the White House contain? 2. Where are of these rooms called the Blue Room? 3. Who was Kit Carson?

1. Do not know; it is two stories high, 170 feet long, and 86 feet deep. 2. To distinguish it from the Green Room—two of the largest rooms in the building. 3. Christopher Carson, born in Madison county, Ky., December 24, 1809; died at Fort Lyon, Col., May 23, 1868. The early years of his life were passed as a trapper; Fremont engaged him as a guide in his explorations. In 1853 he drove 3,500 sheep to California, a difficult undertaking, and on his return was appointed Indian agent in New Mexico, and was instrumental in bringing about treaties between the United States and Indians. During the rebellion he rendered great service to the Union, and was a brevet brigadier general. At its close he resumed his duties as Indian agent.

J. A. P., Prospect, Pa.:

1. The constitution reads that no person shall be a representative who shall not have attained the age of 25 years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States. As I understand it, a man does not become a citizen until he is 21 years old. Please explain how this is. 2. Please give the name and politics of each member of the electoral commission. 3. Is there any way by which printing can be removed from paper without destroying the paper? If so, please explain how.

1. The Bureau recently published an answer headed "Citizenship," which explains the matter. 2. We answer this once more, and for the last time, for a week at least. Republicans: Bradley, Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Garfield, Hoar, Miller, Morton, and Strong. Democrats—Abbott, Bayard, Clifford, Field, Hunton, Payne, and Thurman. 3. Oil of turpentine or pure benzine will remove printing ink.

S. N. S., Glenmore, Ga.:

Please give a recipe for making champagne cider.

Fine champagne cider is made as follows: To 100 gallons of good cider put three gallons of strained juice of pie-plant, and one gallon of sugar. Stir well and set it aside for a week. Clarify the cider with half a gallon of skimmed milk, or one-quarter pound of dissolved isinglass, and add four gallons of pure spirits. After seven or eight days settling, bottle it, wire-in the corks, and it will become sparkling. In order to produce a slow fermentation, the casks containing the fermenting liquid must be bunged up tight. It is a great object to retain much of the carbonic acid, as the flavor imparted after being bottled. Another recipe: Ten gallons of cider, old and clear; put it in a strong iron-bound cask, pitched inside (like beer casks); add 2½ pints clarified white grape juice, 2½ pints of wine whey, and 2½ tartaric acid; keep the bung ready in hand; then add 7½ ounces of bicorbonate of potassa; bung it as quickly and as well as possible.

A. H. F., Lide, Ark.:

About ten years ago there was published in the BLADE a prescription for curing hydrophobia, as practised by an old Pennsylvania physician. It would doubtless be a boon to many of your readers if you would republish it.

"About ten years ago" is rather an indefinite date. Perhaps this is the one referred to: First dose, one ounce electampane root, boiled in one pint milk until reduced to one-half pint. Second dose (to be taken two days after the first), one and one-half ounces elecampane root, in one pint of milk, boiled as the first. Third dose, three ounces elecampane root (to be taken two days after); in all, three doses. Youatt, the great horse doctor, who claimed to have been bitten eight or ten times, said he always cured himself by swallowing a nitrate of silver in the wound. It should be applied as soon after the accident as possible.

T. J. G., Toledo, O.:

1. Does there have to be a prime minister in England when there is a king? If so, tell me when there was a king and no prime minister, and what was their names. 2. Give the names of the United States courts and all the different courts in the state of Ohio.

1. Yes; George II. and Robert Walpole. Walpole was minister for 21 years. It is a principle of the constitution of Great Britain that "the king can do no wrong;" hence there must be a scapegoat. A government exists only so long as it can command a majority in the House of Commons. 2. The Senate, as a court of impeachment; the Supreme court; the Circuit courts; the District court; the court of Claims; Supreme court of the District of Columbia, and the local courts for the United States. In Ohio, the Supreme courts, District courts, courts of Common Pleas, Probate courts, special Superior courts in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton and Xenia, besides the police courts, and local courts.

V. C. B., Arlington, Neb.:

1. How many electoral votes in all of the states of the United States? 2. Please give a short sketch of the life of Sen. Charles Sumner.

1. Each state has an electoral vote for each member of the House and Senate—total for all the states, 401. 2. Born in Boston, January 6, 1811; received a good school education, graduating at Harvard college in 1830; studied law, graduating at the Cambridge law school in 1834; was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in Boston; appointed reporter of the United States Circuit court; published at the Cambridge law school, 1835-37; traveled in Europe 1837-40; elected United States Senator, after a prolonged contest, by a coalition of Democrats and Free Soilers, to succeed Daniel Webster, March 11, 1851; re-elected in 1857-63-69, serving from December, 1851, until his death at Washington, March 11, 1874, with the exception of a prolonged absence from his seat while suffering from a cane made on the floor of his desk in the Senate chamber, May 22, 1856, by Preston S. Brooks, a representative from South Carolina. He revisited Europe in 1857, and again in 1872. Collections of his speeches were published in 1850 (prior), 1856; and his complete works, revised by himself, were in press when he died. He opposed the annexation of Texas, and was early in life identified with the anti-slavery movements of the day. He proposed emancipation as the speediest method of ending the rebellion, and from March 4, 1861, to 1870, was chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs.

FORTUNE TAKES BUT ONE REBUFF.

A Fair Damsel's Sad Mistake About Conserved Rose Leaves.

There is a perfect mania for flower wearing now, and a very charming mania it is, too. Every other girl you see on the street, albeit she is laden with care and parcels, has a big bunch of jacqueminot roses on the front of her bodice. You must by no means call these pets jacqueminots, though, as I have written them. You must simply say jacks. That's the correct thing. It argues a kind of familiarity with them, as it were. A great reform has come about in the forms in which flowers are sent to girls. Don't you remember the old-fashioned bouquets, with their dozens of buds, all exactly the same size, shape and hue, impaled upon toothpicks, which your men friends used to send you? Those monstrosities are forever dead. Now a cute little basket arrives. You open it, and in the bottom, lying upon a bed of cool, dark leaves, are a mass of long-stemmed roses or lillies of the valley or rare orchids, as the case may be, but not ever so much sweeter and simpler? And have you heard about the conserved flowers, which are so expensively delicious and so deliciously expensive? You can now buy at the swell confectioner's a pound of conserved rose leaves for $7, or a pound of conserved violets for $9. They come in fresh and crystal boxes, and if a box should be sent you, be sure and don't say anything about fools and their money. I had a melancholy experience with these rare conserves before I knew what they were. I received a box of confectionery, and on top was a layer of pink rose leaves, and, as I imagined in my gross ignorance, of glazed paper. I thought they made a very pretty top dressing, as it were, but I swept them into the waste basket along with the string with which the box was tied. On meeting my friend next day I thanked him for the box, and he asked me how I liked the conserved rose leaves. I started in astonishment. "Conserved rose leaves, Miss Flicon crossed," and I struggled for self-possession, and said they were beautiful, but I hadn't yet tasted them. I got away from him as soon as I could, ran home, and flew up stairs to the waste basket. I found two tiny petals—the housemaid had thrown the rest into the ash heap. I fished out these two and ate them with profound relish. I have not had any conserved flowers sent me since. Fortune seldom takes but one rebuff.—*New York Letter to Chicago News.*

The Way Van Wyck Saved His Bacon.

Sen. Van Wyck was out on the stump before an immense audience in Nebraska. There were thousands there to hear him open the campaign. As usual, he grappled with the monopolists. Right in the middle of his speech a shrewd old fellow in the back edge of the crowd sang out: "Sen. Van Wyck, will you let me ask you a question?" "Certainly, I will," responded "Old Van." "Answer me this, then," said the old man: "Isn't it true that you came here from the East on passes, and isn't it true that one of them was given to you by the Union Pacific railroad, which you are now attacking?" As quick as a flash the senator put his hand in his pocket, saying as he said so: "Of course I did! Here are a lot more of them I got there; and I will take as many more as I can get. Always forage on the enemy is my motto".—*Boston Traveller.*

Physicians who know the value of Shallenberger's Pills prescribe them as their own remedy. This is hardly fair, but is strong testimony in favor of the medicine. In one year a wholesale druggist in Baltimore sent to the proprietors of the medicine three gross of empty bottles. The pills had all been used by one physician in that city. Nearly as many more by a doctor in Richmond, Va.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Debility.

Languor, and Loss of Appetite, are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It removes that terrible sense of *Constant Weariness*, from which so many suffer, gives tone and vigor to the stomach, and restores health and strength more surely and speedily than any other medicine.

Three years ago I suffered from Debility and Loss of Appetite, the result of Liver Disease. After having tried various remedies, and consulted several physicians, without benefit, I was induced to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken about one bottle every year, and had no recurrence of the trouble.—William E. Way, East Lempster, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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ITEMS ALONG THE LABOR LINE.

The Question that the Workingmen Desire to Have Answered—The Trouble With Labor Leaders—Increase of Labor Societies.

The locomotive builders and bridge builders count on big orders between this and October. The car builders are having all they can do.

The next general agitation for higher wages will not be attempted until early next spring. Meanwhile organization will be completed.

Thousands of men are flocking to the West and Northwest for employment in railroad building. Four thousand miles are to be built this fall.

A score of labor picnics were held this week, and averaged from 500 to 10,000 in attendance. The Carpenters' National convention will be held at Buffalo.

In several eastern and western towns and cities, there is a marked improvement in business. Orders are already pouring in and more hands are being on.

Wages are declining in Great Britain in iron, coal, textile and hardware interests. The trade depression continues, but the masses are encouraged to believe times will improve.

The anthracite coal production is 2,000,-000 tons ahead of last year and bituminous coal output is much ahead. Operators are cutting prices, as a general strike in the fall is probable.

The most prosperous branches are the building trades, the architectural, the iron and steel workers and the textile workers. Machine shop labor is poorly off. So are miners and other laborers.

The volume of business during the past six months is 15 per cent. greater than the first six months of 1885. Profits were larger, much more capital was employed, and labor was better paid.

Coopers, painters and plasterers are busy all through the Middle states. The window glass blowers are idle for the summer. The boot and shoe makers have made more goods this year than last.

The outlook for the fall trade is excellent. Refined iron is selling at $40 per ton, medium at $35, and common at $30; steel rails at $35; mill iron at $16, foundry at $18; and nails at $1.45 to $1.50.

Labor will not be satisfied with what it is offered to-day. It wants results; at a greater share, at shorter hours; at better homes, and more of all that makes life enjoyable. Another contest is not far off.

The architects are quite busy. Builders have all they can do. A great deal of work is being projected. The larger cities are expending large sums for improvements in streets, buildings, water, gas, water, etc.

The trunk line presidents have laid the foundation for permanent peace, and a scheme is on foot looking to making three transcontinental lines, one from Boston, one from New York, and one from Newport News to the Pacific coast.

During May nearly 1,000 assemblies of the Knights of Labor were organized with an average of 50 each. The rush is over for the present. The trade unionists are increasing in membership, and will continue to preserve their separate existence.

Nearly all the labor leaders of the past twenty years have been "fixed" in a good position of one kind or another, or some place and some another. The rest are waiting their turn.

No matter how honest, sincere, faithful or able a labor leaders may be, three out of every ten will in time, begin to suspect them of dishonesty and will secretly blood-poison the whole organization against them. This is the secret of the failure of so many grand, all for a time, successful labor organizations.

The coming six months promise to be the most prosperous in the history of the country, as regards the tens of thousands now working for a bare pittance, and tens of thousands more are irregularly employed. Not more than one laborer in ten is able to save up for a rainy day, or at least does save up.

Co-operative enterprises do not succeed. Great Britain is far ahead of us. Even our so-called technical schools are away behind those of Europe. Our corner groceries still thrive and our corner stores meet all requirements. Workmen read of cheap wholesale prices, but never try to co-operate to profit by them.

The masses of organized labor are everywhere crying out, "What shall we do? How can we make our condition better? How can we share

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The business reports of the last week are encouraging. Iron and steel are firm, and there is no danger of lower prices. The reports of damage to the wheat crop have tended to higher prices. The visible supply of sugar is less than last week, but the general good crop outlook will prevent any increase in price. The dry goods trade is encouraging, and dealers in all lines report autumn prospects as favoring an active and remunerative trade in staple goods. The money market has been firmer and the demand for funds is active and increasing. Interest rates are higher. Mercantile collections have notably improved.

Dun & Co.'s report of business failures in this country and Canada last week gives a total of 179, which is slightly above the totals for several weeks past.

The crop estimates make the total production of wheat this year from 400,000,000 to 435,000,000 bushels. We are inclined to consider the lower figure nearest to the reality. This will be 43,000,000 bushels more than the yield of last year, 112,000,000 less than that of 1884, 21,000,000 less than that of 1883, 4,000,000 less than that of 1882, and 20,000,000 more than that of 1881. We would have 70,000,000 bushels for export, without adding to or diminishing the present visible and interior reserves, as home consumption for food, seeding and manufacturing purposes would take about 330,000,000 bushels. The foreign demand is likely to be greater this fall than it was last year. Corn is in good order, but oats and grass have suffered much from dry weather. Heavy rainfalls South during the past week have injured the cotton crop, the average for which is now 83¾ per cent., against 92 last year.

The recent advance in wheat has a tangible basis in the injury to the winter wheat by the drouth that prevails over a great area in the West. That there will be a permanent advance we cannot, however, believe. In the absence of any injury to the growing crop, we have believed that the price must inevitably go lower, and looked for a price below 70 cents inside of two months. The injury to the crop may check the decline which we feared was inevitable, but it cannot raise the price above the ruling figures unless its effects are much greater than advices to date show them to be.

One of the many pointers going to show a revival of business is the increase in railway earnings. The exhibits of the trunk lines for the first six months of the year show a most gratifying increase, that must be as pleasing to the stockholders as it is to the people who are longing for the coming boom. The three Vanderbilt lines alone have gained $2,791,233 in the half year, while the Pennsylvania and the Erie in five months have gained $1,002,007. Taking nine leading roads, the *Financial Chronicle* shows that their gross earnings this year aggregate $64,186,681 against only $56,890,728 in 1885, an increase of over $7,250,000.

There were 29,808,905 silver dollars coined during the fiscal year ended June 30.

It is said that the defeat of the clause of the sundry civil appropriations bill setting apart a sum for the erection and delication of the Bartholdi statue was a measure of revenge by certain Western Representatives because some of the New York members of the House of Representatives voted to sustain the President's veto of the Des Moines river land bill.

Ex-Sen. Joe McDonald, in response to a question about his entering the Cabinet, responded: "It is outside talk." He does not believe that Pan Electric Garland will resign, nor that Manning will decide upon his course until October.

The action of the Democratic majority of the House in regard to the Appropriations committee, intended to deprive Randall of his influence, doesn't seem to have done so—for here is Morrison declaring that the date of the adjournment of Congress depends upon Randall.

The President has again shown his utter ignorance of the phenomenal growth and vast importance of the great West as compared with the antiquated South by vetoing a bill for a public building at Duluth, which is a port of entry. At the same time he approved bills for building at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and San Antonio, Texas. Both places rolled into one do not do one-fifth the business of Duluth. But they are in Democratic states, and moreover in the South, while Duluth is in Republican Minnesota. Go to, Grover!

The resolution providing for open executive sessions of the Senate has been made the special order for Wednesday, December 8. It is to be hoped the issue will be agitated constantly before the people, that the Senators may be disabused of their idea that star-chamber sessions are necessary. They are the servants of the people, and the latter wish to know what they are about.

The Grand Army has filed charges against the Civil Service Commission, Pension Commissioner Black and Gen. Roseckans—the commission for aiding in appointments contrary to the civil service law, the latter two for making such appointments. This action may be of use in bringing out the spoilsman character of the subordinate officers of this wonderful, bull-necked, pig-headed administration, but can do no more.

The Senate has refused to confirm Capt. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, as customs collector at Port Townsend, Washington territory, on the ground that the appropriated money belonging to others to his own use. Your mugwump's virtue seems to be of the canting and hypocritical kind.

The Republicans of the South are plucking up courage, and hope to carry two or three of those states at the coming elections. If there could be a free ballot and a fair count, the Solid South would be broken up by a Republican earthquake.

The California wheat crop apparently is going to be a phenomenal one. The work of harvesting in the favored sections of the state began in the last week in May, and has been extending ever since. It is probable that the largest area under the hands of the harvesters will not be reached until about the middle of July. The first of the new crop marketed sold at $1.25 per cental (100 pounds) which is at the rate of 75 cents per bushel.

The standard grievance of the Bourbons for years was the alleged compulsory collection of political assessments from Federal office-holders. Now comes Rep. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and demands that the Democratic Congressional committee shall be investigated, on the ground that complaints are made of a persistent passing of the hat in the departments to raise funds to aid the Democratic congressional campaign this fall.

Another encouraging evidence of the absolute harmony that prevails in the Democratic ranks is the announcement that the war between Gov. Hill, of New York, and the President, loses not one whit of its intensity of bitterness.

Chicago is all stirred up by the action of the city council in completing the job with a street railway company by leasing the Lasalle street tunnel under the Chicago river to the latter at a figure which practically gives a $300,000 work to that corporation. Bribery is freely charged, and from indications the city fathers of the lake city are as venal a set as the New York aldermen.

The Kansas Republicans have renominated Gov. Martin. He has made an excellent executive head for the state, and the compliment of a renomination is well deserved. He will be elected by an old-time majority.

It is said that a large fleet of Yankee fishermen is seining fish in the North bay, Prince Edward Island, regardless of the Canadian interpretation of the three-mile limit clause. The Canadian authorities, convinced of the illegality of their action in the case of the Doughty and the Adams, will hereafter make seizures only for violation of the customs laws—that is, for coming within three miles of shore.

The English elections are now over, and the certainty is reached that Mr. Gladstone has been defeated, but by a majority so small as to show that a few weeks' more time to educate the people of England upon the Home Rule question woule have changed defeat idto victory. Scotland and Wales spoke out overwhelmingly in its favor, and in Ireland the charge made by Mr. Bright that at least one-third of the people were opposed to it was disproved, and even in Ulster, which the Tories worked so hard to show to the world as almost universally in arms against the Nationalists, has returned certainly eighteen and probably twenty of that party, against a baker's dozen for the Tories.

The defeat of Mr. Gladstone does not mean the defeat of the cause of Home Rule. It is simply one of those depressing incidents in the march of events that come and go without materially affecting the final result. Had there been fewer dissensions in the Liberal party, fewer ambitions to be gratified, Ireland would be triumphant now. As it is, if she is wise, she will wait quietly. Whatever be the constitution of the next ministry, the matter of Home Rule cannot be ignored. Irish affairs must be settled. The time for coercion is past, and, therefore, a degree of self-government is certain to be granted.

The new British Parliament will meet August 5, and it is probable that previous to that time the Gladstone government will resign, and Lord Salisbury will form a government. He has made overtures to Lord Hartington to form a coalition ministry which shall give a local government bill to England, Scotland and Ireland, and several others designed to improve the condition of the agricultural population in these three countries. The outcome does not yet appear, but that Lord Salisbury will be Premier is almost certain. He will find himself in a position of great difficulty, as he will be opposed at every turn by a minority which narrowly missed being a majority.

In the new Parliament Mr. Parnell will have about 90 followers instead of 86 as in the last. The weaklings have been dismissed and strong sagacious men have taken their places. With such a following Mr. Parnell can defeat any measure looking towards coercion that may be proposed by Lord Salisbury's government, and also keep the Home Rule question constantly before the people.

The probability of an Eastern war in the near future grows hourly stronger. Just at this time, when Great Britain is wrestling with the Irish problem, Russia makes two steps forward, the intention of which cannot be mistaken. She prefers a claim to Khamiah, a small town in Afghanistan, which possesses a strategetic importance with respect to a Russian advance upon Herat. If this claim be allowed, and with the completion of her trans-Caspian railroad to Sarakhs, she is brought a whole day nearer Herat. The significance of this movement it is easy to see.

Coincident with her claim to Khamiah, Russia announces the closing of Batoum as a free port. By this step she repudiates the treaty of Berlin of eight years ago, a step which may involve the most tremendous circumstances. Since then it has been occupied exclusively by Russian troops, and been made the terminus of an independent railway system connecting the Black and Caspian seas. Taking this repudiation of the Berlin treaty in connection with the Czar's recent speech at Moscow, with his declaration that he considers the present to be a favorable opportunity for a partition of Turkey, with his massing of not less than 200,000 troops in Southern Russia, with his equipment of a Black sea fleet, and with his aggressive proclamation in the Crimea, it cannot be disguised that the situation is a most threatening one.

It is probable that the next step taken by Russia will be the invasion of Bulgaria, the pretext being the opening of the National Assembly for United Bulgaria, by Prince Alexander, which was a distinct violation of the will of the Powers, by whom any legislative fusion had been prohibited. It remains to be seen what will be done by the Powers with reference to the action of Russia.

During the last week the Swiss republic celebrated the 500th anniversary of its independence in a more complete manner than has ever before been attempted. All the cantons united in the demonstration, and it was a grand event.

Agents of the expelled French princes openly avow that a movement is on foot for the restoration of the throne.

The Canadian government has granted a full amnesty to all the half-breeds in the penitentiary for participation in the Riel rebellion.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

There is one remarkable fact connected with the beginning of the Prohibition era, on July 1, in the cities of Providence, Rhode Island, and Atlanta, Georgia, that has not received the attention it deserves. It is, that the expectation of the citizens of both places, of all political parties, and on both sides of the liquor question, is that the new law will be strictly enforced. The liquor men of Georgia and Rhode Island do not take the sullen, rebellious attitude of their fellow-workers against humanity in Ohio. Here we have the extraordinary spectacle of thousands of keepers of saloons all over the state, absolutely defying the mandate of the law taxing their traffic, and the officers of the law doing nothing to uphold its majesty. But in both those states we find that the saloonists, though bitterly opposed to the law, of course, closed their saloons promptly on July 1, thus obeying a requirement which destroys at one blow their means of gain.

In Rhode Island there was much alarm felt lest Gen. Brayton, chief of the state constabulary, would not enforce the law against possible violators, as it was understood that he is opposed to Prohibition. But he sent out notices to all the liquor men of the state that the law should be enforced, both in letter and spirit, and they seem to believe that he says what he means and means what he says. The result is that Providence, with its population of over 100,000, has every saloon closed, and her liquor men are going into other business. The case is the same all over the state, including Newport, the great summer resort, with its huge hotels, all of which have closed their bars, and will not run the risk of defying the prohibitory law of the state. The same state of things is rue of Atlanta, with over 40,000 inhabitants.

It is well known that it is easy to enforce a prohibitory law in rural communities, and very hard to enforce it in towns of any size. Hence the situation is full of encouragement when the people can have a test of actual, thorough prohibition in two cities the size of Atlanta and Providence. If it can be fully enforced therein, it can be enforced in any city of the land. The howl of the Rum Power and its advocates that "Prohibition does not prohibit" will perforce be silenced.

Furthermore, another lying assertion of the Rum Power will be put to the test of a crucial experiment. It is that the business of a city is largely dependent upon the liquor interest, and that if the latter is destroyed the business of that city will suffer collapse and ruin. There is not one iota of proof that can be brought forward to show that this should be true. On the contrary, the fact that the confessedly enormous total amount which is poured yearly into the coffers of the Rum Power is diverted into other channels by Prohibition is an overwhelming argument in favor of the latter.

Fortunately the case will be tried by an actual test. Prohibition is now in force in the two cities named. Both are commercial and manufacturing centers; and if the extermination of the Rum traffic is to be followed by an utter prostration of business—if the trade which now goes to a city is to be diverted to her rivals by Prohibition—not all the efforts of the advocates of the latter will be able to conceal the damaging fact. Prophecies that this depressing effect will follow have been freely made, especially in Atlanta, which is the emporium of a vast section of the South. Now let us have a fair test. Let us give Prohibition a square, fair trial, and see if the evil results predicted shall follow.

If they do, not all the logic of the Prohibition workers can avail to give a sweeping victory to the liquor element of Atlanta two years hence. It is the duty of every temperance man, if he believes that Prohibition will be a blessing to the city, to put forth his best efforts to see that the law is strictly enforced. It is the duty of every liquor man who honestly believes that Prohibition, if enforced, will ruin the business of the city, also to see that the law is enforced to the letter, because by this course he can win a quicker and more unequivocal victory for his cause than in any other possible way.

The plain fact of the matter is, that all such prophecies are the merest twaddle. They are the sophistical arguments of men who have no solid cause. A city whose people do not squander their money for Rum should require far less money for maintaining her prisons, her police force, her destitute poor. She should have fewer poor, needing public aid, because her laboring men will be more steady, will work more regularly, will not have the opportunity to spend their earnings in drunken debauches. There will be no "Sunday sprees," no idle Mondays to recover therefrom. A Prohibition city should have a far better local trade, for the money that now goes for Rum will be spent for better food and clothing, for new furniture, for the comforts of life, or will be invested in homes or placed in bank. In the first case all legitimate lines of business will be increased; in the second, the city will increase in size, and more property be placed on her tax duplicate; in the third, her banking capital will be increased. All three of these are factors which go to the substantial building up of the city itself. It is plain to every honest man that increased prosperity and growth should follow Prohibition, either North or South, either in Providence or Atlanta; for the people will have more money to spend when none goes into the till of a saloon. If this proves to be the case, Prohibition will have a tremendous boom. It will not only keep the ground it has gained, but go on, conquering and to conquer, from city to city, from state to state, until the manufacture and sale of liquor is a thing of the past in the United States.

There is a grave responsibility resting upon every friend of Prohibition in the cities named. It is his duty to exert himself to see that the law is enforced in letter and spirit, to the utmost limit. Let us have a fair and square trial. Let us see, first, that it can be conclusively shown that "Prohibition does prohibit," and the senseless cackle that it does not shall be silenced forever. Second, let us show the people of the nation that the commerce and the material prosperity of a city or a commonwealth does not depend upon the rum traffic. Many timid persons, especially those interested in trade, are inclined to believe the absurd argument that it does. Let us have a clear, convincing proof that the reverse is true, and that under the sway of Prohibition there is greater prosperity, a more solid growth, a more rapid increase of wealth among the masses, than under the reign of Rum. This fact once demonstrated, the despotic sway of the liquor interest will be broken. There are a great number of people who go the way that money points. They will join the Prohibition ranks and unite in the grand effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

It is time for Cleveland to brace up and let the country know whether he is in earnest himself about civil service reform. The gap between promise and performance is growing wider all the time, and the mugwumps can not much longer stand astride the chasm, with one foot on either side, without splitting up to their chins.

The reason that Sen. Zeb. Vance is so furiously opposed to civil service reform is that he has seventeen relatives already in office, and wants to get the rest of the family in, but the examination stands in the way.

WORN OUT FREE TRADE MAXIMS.

It is a peculiarity of the free trade fanatics that they never bring out a new argument. There is not a point advanced by them that has not been made from the time that the free trade agitation began in England. The world has moved since then. Invention and progress have made giant strides, and the economic conditions of the world to-day are widely different from those existing when these shop-worn doctrines were first formulated. No doubt the prominent free trade apostles of to-day would be indignant if it were asserted that they are not fully abreast of the times, that the advance of knowledge and the great modern discoveries in science and the arts are unknown to and unappreciated by them. If so, why do they not investigate economic subjects as they would those relating to astronomy, chemistry or electricity? The policies of governments in the Old World, applicable to peculiar circumstances in former years, are held by these men to be applicable to a new country under different conditions at the present time. The text-books they studied in former years, some of them written in the last century, are used in their classes at Yale and elsewhere, regardless of the fact that the political economy of the books, unlike mathematics or ethics, can undergo change and improvement.

The pet maxims of the free trade propagandists of to-day are precisely those which were promulgated in the past. The assertion that "a tariff is a tax, and is paid by the consumer" was made in Congress nearly 60 years ago by the opponents of a protective policy, and its fallacy was shown up in that body before the present great lights of the American "tariff reformers" had been born. Here is a quotation from a speech by Mr. Mallory, of Vermont, who was the then chairman of the House committee on Manufactures, made 58 years since:

> It is urged that all duties on imports are taxes on consumers. * * * A great proportion of cotton fabrics are valued at 16 cents and under the square yard. The duties and charges are about 10 cents. Remove the protection, and according to the rule that duties are a tax on the consumer, we should be furnished with the fabric at 6 cents the running yard. The absurdity is apparent. Take a fabric at 9 cents the square yard, and according to the rule it could be offered to the consumer for nothing. * * * The duty on cheese is 9 cents per pound; the average value in the market not over 7 cents. If duties on the foreign article are a tax on the consumer, he is in equity and good conscience entitled to 2 cents for every pound he eats.

In the United States Senate, in January, 1833, Mr. Knight, of Rhode Island, showed the fallacy of this same bit of fustian as follows:

> With all the rhetoric and arithmetic of honorable gentlemen, they will be much troubled to make a plain man understand that when he purchases a yard of cotton cloth for seven cents he pays a tax of eight cents into the treasury, or a like sum in the form of bounty to the manufacturer.

Over a half century has gone by, and yet the same assertion is made by men who certainly ought to know better. Nor are the other stereotyped maxims of these disciples of the Cobden Club any more truthful than this venerable chestnut. For instance, "All trade is barter, and you cannot sell in a country unless you buy from it," is equally as untenable. This is clearly illustrated when our statistics show that Europe buys of us over $260,000,000 per year more than we buy of her, and that South America sell us about $84,000,000 per year more than we sell to her. Modern economic facts and half century old free trade theories do not agree.

THE EDMUNDS CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

Sen. Edmunds has introduced in the Senate and referred to the Judiciary committee, a bill changing the method of the exercise by the President of his power of appointment. It provides that all Federal officials, except those above the rank of commissioners and chiefs of divisions, shall be appointed directly by the President, without the advice or consent of the Senate, and shall hold office for four years. They shall be removable only on charges to be formally tried by district judges. The officials to be so appointed include postmasters, collectors of customs, with possible exceptions, collectors of internal revenue, land agents, Indian agents, district-attorneys, United States marshals, etc. The higher officials and officers of the army and navy shall be appointed as heretofore, by and with the advice of the Senate.

The kernel of the plan is in the absolute four years' tenure, without removal except by trial before the district court. The incumbent would by this mode entirely independent of the political wire-workers, and the spoilsmen would find a great part of their occupation gone. An office holder might be appointed by a President of one political party, and hold office for half or more of his term under the succeeding President of opposite politics. An independent and unpartisan official class would thus be secured, and better than all, the people and the politicians would get edu-ted up to the fact that the offices of the country are not the prequisites of political victories. Mr. Edmunds explains it thus:

> In the course of a few years, if this law were now passed, and a Republican successor of Mr. Cleveland should find all offices filled with Democrats, the whole thing would adjust itself. Some time during years all the offices filled would have become vacant and have been refilled, and consequently there need not be, in the coming of any Administration or the outgoing of one, any scramble or hurrying on to Washington by thousands to secure places. Vacancies would occur from day to day, week to week, and month to month, and would be filled in the regular way.

While we believe that the plan of the bill is an excellent compromise measure of civil service reform, we doubt whether it is probable that it can pass Congress. The Bourbons of the House have demonstrated, time and again, their uncompromising hostility to the civil service plan in any form. They will be hostile, to a man, to a measure which would deprive them of their hold upon their constituencies.

While there are a few of the vetoes of pension bills by the President in which his action was just, there are others in which his ignorance and lack of mental breadth are strikingly shown. For instance, in vetoing a bill to pension a needy ex-veteran who was ruptured by being thrown violently forward against the horn of his saddle, Cleveland said:

> The number of instances in which those of our soldiers who rode horses during the war were injured by being thrown forward upon their saddles indicate that those saddles were very dangerous contrivances.

Although his excellency wrote this in a vein of withering sarcasm, he but stated a simple fact. The pommels of saddles were responsible for many serious ruptures during the war—and these incurable injuries were received as much in the line of duty as a bullet-wound on the field of battle. Mr. Cleveland should interview the substitute he sent to the army and obtain such information as would prevent his making a fool of himself in his veto messages.

The report of the statistical bureau of the government shows that the exports of merchandise during May, 1886, were valued at $73,914,700, while the imports for the same period were valued at $52,792,043—a balance in our favor of $21,122,657. During the corresponding month of 1885 our exports were valued at $49,011,878 and our imports at $45,084,950. During the five months of 1886 which ended with May the value of exports was $271,517,714 and of imports $274,296,318—a balance against us of $2,778,604. During the corresponding period of 1885 the value of exports was $287,852,822 and of imports $231,708,497—a balance in favor of the United States of $56,143,325. During the corresponding period of 1884 excess of exports was $9,578,000.

There is is a scheme on foot, engineered by Robert Schilling, the Milwaukee labor agitator, to turn the workingmen's vote of Wisconsin over to the Democrats.

PROMISES AND PERFORMANCE.

What will the Democratic party have to say to the people this fall, at the Congressional elections, regarding their stewardship of the nation? Two years ago they were profuse of promises. They went before the people with the cry of "reform," and asked for control of the government. The civil service was to be reformed; the tariff was to be remodeled; the treasury surplus was to be poured into the channels of trade, and business was to boom on account of this stimulus; the books of the government were to be overhauled, and "Republican rascality" was to be shown up; the "rascals" were to be driven out, and a new era inaugurated.

Well, how have those promises been kept? After the usual manner of Democratic promises. Every one has failed of performance. The party in Congress has developed deep hostility to civil service reform, and instead of proceeding with necessary legislation, the Democratic members have spent their time in trying to get their hungry and thirsty gangs of heelers into public office.

The tariff question has been handled in such a way as to keep the business interests of the country from making any effort at extension; for no manufacturer is going to invest any money in increasing his stock of raw material and of manufactured goods with the menace constantly before him that his business is going to be ruined by Congress putting European pauper labor into competition with his own employes.

The treasury surplus is larger than it ever was under a Republican administration, and with $215,000,000 in coin cash locked up in the vaults, and $144,000,000 of bonds waiting to be called and paid off, nothing is being done. The "business boom" that was to come as the result of paying out the surplus is postponed to the Greek Kalends.

The "rascals" have been found to be Democrats—for instance, Attorney General Garland and his Pan-Electric associates, who have been discovered in a swindling scheme to which the famous Credit Mobilier was but child's play. The people of the country understand the utter failure of the Democracy to fulfill its pledges; they see that it cannot be depended upon, and if the Republicans put clean, honest men before the country for Congress this fall, the House of Representatives will have a Republican majority after March 4 next.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

Once more we ask you to read the advertisement of the Blade sewing machine on fifth page. Every day we receive scores of testimonials from delighted ladies who have it in use. It is a magnificent success. And then the price! $18 for the best sewing machine in the world, and the weekly Blade one year! If you want a good, reliable sewing machine order at once. We are filling orders now the same day they are received.

Iron manufacturing is a branch of British industry that is gradually falling into decay. In 1881 there were 552 blast furnaces in Great Britain. In 1884 the number had been reduced to 456, in 1885 to 420, and now it stands at only 400, a falling off of nearly 30 per cent. in five years. During the month of June just past there were five blast furnaces put out in Scotland alone. In the United States there are 508 furnaces in blast, with a weekly output of 120,000 tons, as against 490 furnaces, with a weekly capacity of 115,000 tons, as reported in the census figures of 1880. And in many other lines of manufacture Great Britain has passed the meridian of her glory, being now surpassed by other countries. Knives and edged tools made in American workshops are sold to-day in the Birmingham stores, and Germany for the past two years has been supplying iron girders for English fire-proof buildings. Yankee looms are weaving cotton goods for many foreign markets that up to a few years ago were supplied solely from Oldham. The markets of the world will never again belong to any one country, as they once belonged to England.

In discussing a recent sermon of Dr. Talmage, already published in the Blade, a Boston paper uses the following language:

> There is nothing "shaky" in the orthodoxy of Rev. Dr. Talmage, as was thereby kept the pleasant surprise for those who have not kept the run of the progress in orthodox theology during recent years to read in his last Sunday's discourse a direct affirmation of his belief that all persons who die in infancy "go straight to heaven." The concession was made, as to heathen babies, who, he said, "go straight to the skies" to swell the chorus of 'children singing in glory." This is a vast gain upon the creed that found expression in the dogma that "in Adam's fall we sinned all," and the theology that doomed unbaptized babes, "dying in their sins," to eternal misery.

It is a fact that some time ago Dr. Talmage offered one thousand dollars reward for any proof that any creed, officially or unofficially related to Presbyterianism in any age, or to any denomination of evangelical religion, ever taught what this Boston paper says was taught in its words, herewith printed. The doctor maintains that any such allegation as the above is an antique and stale falsehood. There is a vast deal of error afloat regarding the real doctrines held by many churches, and the anti-religionists base many of their arguments upon popular errors like the above.

Silver bullion dropped to 97 cents per ounce the other day—the lowest point it has ever touched. This makes the real value of the standard dollar just 75 cents. It was worth a fraction over 93 cents when the Bland bill was passed authorizing its compulsory coinage and compelling the treasury to buy not less than $2,000,000 worth of bar silver per month for coinage. At 97 cents an ounce, two million dollars' worth of silver will make $2,500,000 standard dollars. It is one of the unexplainable things why Congress does not take up this silver question and do something to avert the danger of a change of values, which would make the 75-cent dollar the standard, increase all values one-third, and cut down all wages one-fourth.

Nast has a cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* which shows a flashing up of his old power. The scene is the Senate chamber of the United States, and one of the chairs is labeled "Ohio." That chair is occupied by a big money-bag, labeled "$265,000"—that sum being the amount alleged to have been spent in buying Democratic votes in the Ohio General Assembly for Henry B. Payne. The cartoon is an object lesson. No wonder the Eastern papers, in commenting on Nast's picture, are asking the question, "Can Payne afford to retain a seat that was purchased for him, even if it were done, as is claimed, without his knowledge?"

There is unity among the Bourbons in Congress on sustaining the President's vetoes of pension bills in aid of deserving Union soldiers, though they are hopelessly divided on the question of a new navy, on the silver problem, on the subject of coast defenses, on the payment of the public debt, and in fact on every question of grave import to the nation. Are these men going before the country on the one issue of refusing pensions to needy veterans?

The last official report of the India wheat crop, dated May 12, estimates the yield in British India at 240 lakhs maunds. A maund is 82 pounds; a lakh is 100,000. Reduced to bushels of 60 pounds, this estimate calls for a production this year of 328,000,000 bushels against 363,000,000 last year. The area this year is about equally divided between hard and soft wheat, the latter being grown especially to meet the wants of the European export trade.

WHY DON'T PAYNE DEMAND IT?

The peculiar course of Henry B. Payne regarding the charges of bribery in connection with his election is exciting considerable comment all over the Union. Thinking people are beginning to wonder why he does not demand a thorough and searching investigation, if he is innocent, and put his accusers to shame. That he does not do so is considered as evidence of conscious guilt.

The New York *Mail and Express* editorially touches up the matter, under the caption, "He Should Demand an Investigation," and says:

> It seems to us that there is a quite common lack of appreciation, on the part of many able and ordinarily well-informed Republican editors, in this part of the country, of the intensity of the interest felt in Ohio as to the charges of corruption in the election of Mr. Payne to the Senate. This interest is not, by any means, confined to the Republicans of that state. In fact, among those who most earnestly desire an exposure of the methods of the Payne election are many of the best and ablest Democratic leaders in Ohio. They see no hope for their party until the bottom facts are exposed and the guilty punished, legally or by indignant public opinion.
>
> Few imagine that Mr. Payne had any sort of knowledge of the use of corrupt methods for his election to the Senate. Few intelligent men in Ohio doubt that corruption defeated Mr. Pendleton.
>
> It would be most gratifying were Mr. Payne himself to demand, at the hands of his fellow Senators, a full and thorough investigation, by a committee comprising the ablest members of the Senate, of both parties. Why any real friend of Mr. Payne should oppose such an inquiry we cannot understand, on any theory that we should like to entertain as to Mr. Payne's innocence.
>
> As to the excuse that Payne himself did not buy his election, but that it was done by his son and other interested friends, we do not see that, even if true, it would make the slightest difference. The receiver is as bad as the thief. If Henry B. Payne is a man of the highest honor and the most scrupulous integrity, he would scorn to retain a purchased seat. He would refuse to be the beneficiary of the vilest fraud and most unblushing corruption.
>
> It is this view of the case that is taken by Hon. Lucky Harper, an old wheel-horse of Ohio Democracy, and for years editor of the Mt. Vernon *Banner*. Mr. Harper says editorially:
>
> No one that knows Henry B. Payne will believe that he is capable of being a party to bribery and corruption; but that he was the unfortunate beneficiary of the transactions of men who had plenty of money and were determined that Mr. Pendleton should be defeated at every hazard, there is no manner of doubt.
>
> That money was spent freely among members of the Ohio legislature at the time Mr. Payne was elected Senator in New York is very clearly established by unimpeachable testimony; but all attempts to directly connect Mr. Payne with this shameful business have proven utter failures.
>
> Suppose that this were the case—that Payne were not "directly connected with this shameful business," should not he, as an honest man, refuse to profit by the "usufruct of fraud," to quote Samuel J. Tilden's characteristic phrase?

CITY SALOON-HOTELS.

A special dispatch in the New York *Herald*, dated July 10, from Providence, R. I., runs as follows:

> The effects of the prohibitory law are being felt in this city. The Hotel Dorrance, the second-class hotel in the city, will close to-night. The Narragansett hotel, erected at over a quarter of a million, is losing money. The stockholders have been notified that there is no funds in its treasury to meet the interest on the bonds next month. It is not yet known what action the stockholders will take in the matter, but it is the opinion that the hotel will eventually be compelled to close its doors, as it cannot be made to pay without the bar patronage.
>
> While all the other lines of business in Providence are rejoicing at the coming of Prohibition, the above intimation that the "hotels" are being injured was to be expected. In many of our cities the hotel business has been extended beyond its legitimate limits. The hotels, instead of being establishments intended to furnish board and lodging to travelers or to single men and other persons who could not or do not wish to maintain households, have come to be a kind of genteel club houses, whose rooms are used for private drinking bouts. The bar is the real object for their establishment, and the hotel business a blind thereto. There is no reason why a legitimate hotel, run on business principles, should be affected by the Prohibitory law. A hotel which is a mere annex to a drinking-hole, and which is intended to afford hypocritical respectability the opportunity of secret intemperance, is a most dangerous form of saloon, and deservedly fails. We hope to hear of more of this sort of failures. They are nothing but saloons in the guise of hotels.

The *Railway Age* of July 1 declares that it is now certain that the railway building of 1886 will not only exceed that of the two previous years, but will surpass that of most years in the history of the country. A detailed record from January 1 to June 30, 1886, compiled from exclusively official statements, show that track laying has already been in progress this year in thirty-two of the states and territories on ninety-seven lines, and that no less than 1,755 miles of the main track, not counting sidings and additional tracks, have been added to the railway system of the United States since January 1. The mileage laid during the first six months of any year is so uniformly less than one-third of the total for the entire twelve months that it may be safely predicted that the total new railway mileage of 1886 will not fall short of 6,000 miles, and may considerably exceed that. The greatest activity thus far has been in Kansas, where 301 miles of track have already been added on twelve different lines. Florida follows with 207 miles on eight lines, Texas with 195 miles on six lines, Wisconsin with 174 miles on four lines, and Illinois with 171 miles on five lines. Nebraska has added 91 miles on six lines. In none of the other states have more than 60 miles been laid thus far, but in many of them, as well as in those just named, preparations are actively going on for track laying to a large extent during the next few months. It is to be noted that the construction is mainly going on in new parts of the country, developing regions only in part or not all supplied with railway facilities.

The decision of Judge Brewer, of the United States Circuit court, it will be remembered, in the Walruf case, enunciated the doctrine that the state could not stop a brewery without compensating the owner for the damages caused. This was based on the fact that for many years previous to the enactment of her present prohibitory legislation Iowa had a liquor law which excepted the manufacture and sale of wine and beer from its provisions, and consequently they were lawful occupations. An extension of that decision has just been made at Keokuk, Iowa. Judge Love, of the United States Circuit court, in deciding motions to remand several saloon and brewery cases to the state court extended the doctrine so as to cover saloon property owned before the Prohibition law came into effect. The written opinion filed in the case of McMahon vs Pfeyfer, of Muscatine, Iowa, holds that the property designated in the petition for an injunction and for abatement of a nuisance was leased for a term of years yet unexpired, before the prohibition laws were adopted. The saloon was fitted up at great expense at a time when it was lawful to sell ale, wine and beer. The court held that saloon property could not be taken or rendered useless without compensation. The motion to remand was overruled.

It does look a little odd to see the President asking Congress for something like $30,000 for repairs and new furniture at the White House, and vetoing 60 pension bills whose aggregate is less than $7,000. The majority of the loyal mass of the nation would prefer to see the case reversed—the $7,000 spent and the $30,000 saved.

GARLAND'S CORRUPTION.

Though the House committee appointed to investigate the Pan-Electric scandal was made up expressly to whitewash Attorney General Garland and the other Democratic officials who were implicated in this grand fraud, there was so much discovered to their discredit that any amount of whitewash can not cover it. The testimony disclosed the fact, reluctantly confessed in the majority report, that Rogers's telephone patents were absolutely without any market value; they were worthless. The public was to be swindled into buying the stock through the influence of the Democratic statesmen who were given $3,500,000 of the stock out of the total issue of $5,000,000. Garland prostituted his high office by giving a legal opinion that the Rogers patents do not infringe those of Bell, and this induced the public to invest in the worthless stock. The report admits that this opinion was advertised by the company, and used as a bait to catch gudgeons, even after ex-commissioner of Patents Marble had refuted it. By pushing Garland's opinion and suppressing the facts furnished by Marble, the ringsters scooped in $35,000, of which $24,000 was clean profit to them.

Then they used the influence of the government to push the Bell people to the wall, by having a suit brought in the name of the United States to contest the validity of the Bell patents, with the sole object of compelling the owners of the latter to compromise—or rather to buy them out. And the Bell company might well be frightened at a suit backed by the government, with a Pan-Electric schemer, and a director in the company, at the head of the department of Justice, with his official course controlled by the interests of the Pan-Electric swindle. Could a man with no more sense of the fitness of things than to accept a million dollars' worth of the stock be depended upon to deal justly, when his course as an officer of the government would aid materially to render that stock valuable? They obtained from the Attorney General's office, in defiance of all precedent and all rule, permission to bring suit wherever it would suit them to have it tried, and at whatever time they wished. Does all this read like a partisan charge? It is summarized from the majority report of the committee, a committee formed to whitewash Garland and his associates. If his friends talk of him in this strain, what is to be inferred by the people except that he is a venal and corrupt man, a chief promoter of a villainous conspiracy to swindle men out of their money, and a man with the brazen assurance to use his official position to promote a nefarious scheme to enrich himself? This is the sort of "reformers" the Democratic administration puts in power.

A NEW PARTY PROPOSED.

The free traders, or "tariff reformers," as they call themselves, are furious over the dat failure of the Morrison reduction bill. This is especially the case with those of the West and Northwest, and there is talk of the formation of a new party, with "tariff reform" for its leading principle. One of their organs in Chicago, and another in Iowa, are clamorous for such action. These sheets declare that "protection is the antithesis of Democracy;" that it is debatable whether it is possible for the Democratic party to "purge itself of the fungus growth that has fastened upon it," and that "Sam Randallism must be eliminated from the domination of its politics, or the party will be destroyed by the contending and antagonistic forces within it."

These rebellious utterances excite the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to a state of wild alarm. It admits that the purging mentioned above is necessary, but it don't want a split in the Bourbon ranks. It suggests that the Northwest shall quit sending protectionists to Congress, but shall send free traders. It alleges (and falsely) that the South is solid for free trade, and that if the Northwest "does her duty" she and the South can control legislation despite the protection Democrats of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

The cold fact is that the *Courier-Journal* loves Bourbonism more than it does free trade. It knows that the Democracy now holds power only by fraud in the South, and that should a tariff reform party be formed, not only would the Democracy be hurled from power but the Solid South be split up the back. Hence its terror, and its frantic prayers to the free traders to stay their hands, and not lay them upon the fabric of Bourbonism.

Here is the way the Democrats in the House of Representatives carry out the pretense of economy in public expenditures: At the last session of Congress the total of the appropriation bills, as they passed the House, was $211,000,000. In the Senate they were increased to $221,177,254. Hereupon a howl went up denouncing the "extravagance" of the Republican Senate; the bills went into

TALMAGE ON GARDENS AND FIELDS.

The Church a Garden Filled With Choice Flowers and Select Fruits—How Christ Plants in This Garden Some of the Choicest Spirits of Earth.

"THE HARVEST," July 11.—Continuing his series of rural sermons, entitled "Voices of Gardens and Fields," the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to-day preached from the Song of Solomon, v. 1: "I come into my garden." He said:

The Bible is a great poem. We have it in faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wadsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flowers of Judea into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches, it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; and the fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer residence. The world has a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpellier established gardens of bewildering beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean, and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor, and fortune, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and mountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned.

It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott in his outlay at Abbotsford ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." If the gardens of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus! to-day, walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself. The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil, but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them at a garden, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along and the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jessamine running in and out amid the crevices. Those flowers in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost everyone that touches them.

They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went up and down the stairs of stone and turned on the water.

I saw it glimmering on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adaption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through the heritage, and that to-day we might find this very place to be "Elim, with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees!"

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ. "I am coming into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus! we have been waiting for thee: walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man, and touches him, and says: "Almost home, father, not many more aches for thee; I will never leave thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, child!" Then Christ goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble, and says: "Peace! All is well. I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean from the stem, and I say: "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take them up to a higher terrace, for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them; and in better soil and and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into his face and said: "Well, it is his garden and he has a right to do what he will with it. Thy will be done!"—the hardest prayer man ever made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections; and when she was sick no cause came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ you surrendered that treasure, you said: "Lord Jesus, take it—it is the best we have; take it. Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest. Every day a man was taking me from the depot to a village. He was very rough and coarse, and very blasphemous; but after a while he mellowed down as he began to talk of his little son whom he had lost. "O, sir," he said, "that boy was different from the rest of us. He never used any bad language; no, sir. I never heard him use a bad word in my life. He used to say his prayers, and we laughed at him; but he would keep on saying his prayers, and I often thought: 'I can't keep that child,' and I said to my wife: 'Mother, we can't keep that child.' But, sir, the day he was drowned, and they brought him in and laid him down on the carpet, so white and so beautiful, my heart broke, sir. I knew we couldn't keep him."

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindness shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in heaven!" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all well there."

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden this king's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and saw himself and said:

"There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I am hungry and envious and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as I become a nadsman to do." O, ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little heart's ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge thou against thy poor soul that thou will not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come to-day in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatmen: "Save me next! Save me next!" O, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this moment, leap into a vessel for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save me next! Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. Lines cast off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not? Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a garden you die in a desert. May God Almighty before it is too late, break that infatuation.

DR. R. C. FLOWER, OF BOSTON.

His Hurried Visit to the West—Short Stops at a Few Places.

We understand that Dr. R. C. Flower will be en route in a few days for Colorado in company with a party of friends, and at the request of a number of his patients and friends has concluded to make a few stops on his way out and returning, and will be at the following places on days and dates given below:

Columbus, O., Neil House, Tuesday, July 20.
Toledo, O., Burnett House, Wednesday and Thursday, July 21 and 22.
Davenport, Iowa, Kimball House, Saturday, July 24.
Emporia, Kan., Coolidge House, Monday, July 26.
Council Bluffs, Iowa, Union Pacific Hotel, August 4 and 5.
Mason City, Iowa, Dyer House, August 6.
LaCrosse, Wis., International Hotel, August 7.
Milwaukee, Wis., Plankinton Hotel, August 9.
Cleveland, O., Stillman House, August 11.

Though his time at each place will be short, yet it will afford an opportunity not often presented to consult this distinguished physician without going all the way to Boston to consult him. Whenever it is known that Dr. Flower is stopping at a hotel, whether in the East, West, North or South, crowds gather to consult him, and it is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that in diagnosing a disease he never asks the sick person any questions, but describes the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. This is a wonderful gift for any one to possess, and Dr. Flower's diagnostic powers have created wonder throughout the country.

SURE SIGNS OF LUCK.

Dream of eggs, sign of money.

Dream of snakes, sign of enemies.

If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

Dreaming of muddy or rushing water brings trouble.

Finding a horse-shoe or a four-leaved clover brings good luck.

If you cut your nails or sneeze on Saturday you do it "for evil."

She who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry.

If you cannot make up a handsome bed your husband will have a homely nose.

If you spill the salt some one will be "mad" with you unless you put some in the fire.

Stub your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted.

If the rooster crows on the fence, the weather will be fair; if on the doorstep, he will bring company.

If the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant, there will be but one pleasant Sunday during the month.

If by any chance a mourning hat or bonnet is placed upon your head you will need one of your own soon.

If your right ear burns, some one is praising you; if your left, your friends are raking you over the coals.

Returning to the house for a moment after having once started out will bring bad luck unless you sit down.

When, in dropping a fork, it strikes the floor and stands upright, it will bring a gentleman visitor; if a knife, a lady.

While at the washboard, if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing, you will have a drunken husband.

If you drop your dishcloth, you will have company; also if you sweep a black mark; or if two chairs stand accidentally back to back.

If a baby sees his face in the glass it will be the death of him. If his nails are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles out of bed it will save his being a fool.

Break a mirror, sign of death. Death is also foretold by a dog howling under a window; hearing a mourning dove, a strange dove hovering about, or dreaming of a white horse.

If you see the new moon through the glass you will have sorrow as long as it lasts. If you see it fair in the face you'll have a fall. Over the left shoulder bad luck—over the right good luck.

Mrs. Dixon and Her Girl Kitty.

"I've got a hired girl at last," said Mrs. Dixon, of Franklin avenue to her caller. "She has lived for several years with Mrs. Smith, but, you know, the Smiths have gone to the seashore for the season, and so I obtained her. 'Kitty is a jewel,' Mrs. Smith tells me, 'but you will find her very set in her ways.' And so Mrs. Dixon found. The first clash was over the purchase of Pearline. Kitty was bound to have it, but Mrs. Dixon was skeptical as to its merits, and believed in the virtue of ordinary soap. A battle-royal was fought, but Kitty's threat to leave forthwith brought her mistress grudgingly to terms, and Pearline became a feature of the household. It was but a little while until Mrs. Dixon became an enthusiastic convert. Mr. Dixon's shirts were no longer yellow, but dazzlingly white, and that, too, without being worn out by long hard rubbing. The household linen shared its immaculate glories; the woodwork of the house speedily became so bright and fresh-looking that one would suppose it freshly painted; the floors were clean and bright enough "to eat off of," as a visitor remarked; the old time stains disappeared from the marble of wash-stands and mantels; the dishes no longer had a greasy film; and, better than all, the work was more quickly and twice as easily done—for Pearline was the magic agent that accomplished these wonders. Now Mrs. Dixon wonders how she ever kept house without it.

"Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the millionaire widow, has for her factotum a young colored man, who manages much of her business and conducts a part of her correspondence.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS,

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. Wagerman Bros. & Adams, Lincoln, Kan.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 18 Dey St., New York.

OLD FORT MEIGS

Described by Pen and Pencil, Together With a Brief History of its Construction and Uses and its Adaptability for the Soldier's Home.

Fort Meigs occupies a level plateau, located on the southeast bank of the Maumee, 60 feet above the water, about one-half mile above Perrysburg, on the Maumee river, ten miles above Toledo. Standing on its breezy height, the vision extends for a range of over twenty miles up and down the valley. The location was no doubt originally selected as a site for the fort on account of its expansive outlook, as well as its strong natural defenses, for certainly there is no spot in the state, or in the territory for many miles west and northwest, that will favorably compare with it as a point of extensive observation and scenic beauty. From above for many miles the silvery waters are seen, sparkling and flashing in their rapid flow over their rocky bed, winding among the pretty green islands and past the rich bottom lands, covered with ripening grain.

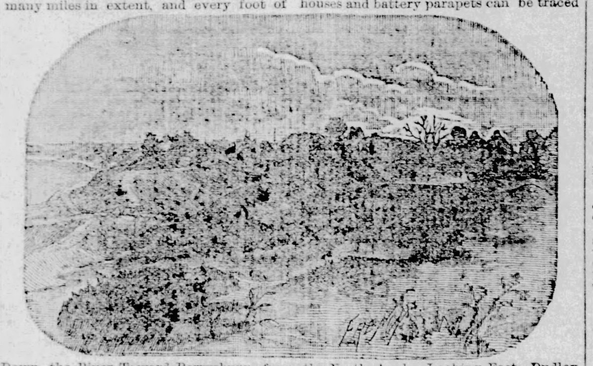
At the foot of the fort, the rapids end, and the head of steam navigation commences. The river continues its winding way among the islands and bottom lands,

Birdseye View of Fort Meigs, from the North.

but widens perceptibly after leaving the fort. The banks are lined with groups of native forest trees, thrifty orchards and vineyards and pretty residences. Ten miles below, over a low-lying headland, the church spires and many of the lofty buildings in the growing city of Toledo, come into view.

As one stands upon the old fort and drinks in this beautiful vision, he is overcome with sympathizing pity for the savage natives who named the river the "Mother of Waters," and to whom it was so fondly endeared that many brave lives were sacrificed in struggling to retain it from the grasp of the white man.

The outlook from Fort Meigs embraces many miles in extent, and every foot of



Down the River Toward Perrysburg, from the North Angle, Looking East; Dudley Burial Ground on the Right, Marked by a Dead Walnut Tree.

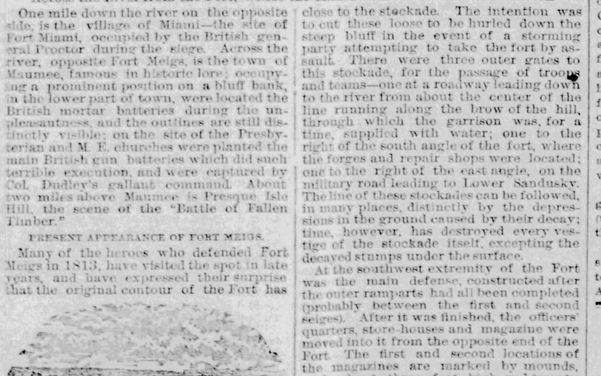
soil within range of the vision has been made sacred by deeds of heroism in the history of the country. A broad ravine, leading from the Fort on the right, affords a glimpse of the pretty town of Perrysburg, half hidden by the luxuriant trees which line its broad avenues, and on the brow of a small area of the ravine are still to be seen the outlines of a British battery, which did terrible execution during the siege, and was gallantly captured. In the foreground, a few rods from the Fort, on a green hill-top, is the burial spot of 45 of Dudley's brave command, whose graves have never been disturbed. To the left of this ravine, leading toward the river, 20 rods from the Fort, is an elevated, narrow point, known as "Indian Hill," where Gen. Harrison located an advance picket guard; it was the site of an extensive Indian cemetery, which fact gave it its name.

Across the River from the Fort, where the Main British Batteries were Planted.

One mile down the river on the opposite side, is the village of Miami—the site of Fort Miami, occupied by the British general Proctor during the siege. Across the river, opposite Fort Meigs, is the town of Maumee, famous in historic lore, occupying a prominent position on a bluff bank, in the lower part of town, were located the British mortar batteries during the unpleasantness, and the outlines are still distinctly visible; on the site of the Presbyterian and M. E. churches were planted the main British gun batteries which did such terrible execution, and were captured by Col. Dudley's gallant command. About two miles above Maumee is Presque Isle Hill, the scene of the "Battle of Fallen Timber."

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FORT MEIGS.

Many of the heroes who defended Fort Meigs in 1813, have visited the spot in late years, and have expressed their surprise that the original contour of the Fort has



View up the Valley from the Fort; Battle Ground of Fallen Timbers in Distance.

been so well preserved. This is accounted for by the fact that a luxuriant and tenacious sod has preserved the embankments from the effect of storm and rain, and the proprietor of the domain and the patriotic citizens of the community have prevented the sacred soil from being disturbed.

The fort proper covers a space of about eighteen acres. As one stands upon the ground, the most prominent feature is the grand traverse, extending nearly parallel with the river, from the northeast extremity of the Fort, a distance of 1,100 feet, to the main intrenchments at the opposite point. It was originally built 30 feet wide and 12 feet high; it has since settled about three feet, but otherwise still retains its original shape and proportions, and is covered with green sod. This huge embankment was built as a place of retreat in the event of any of the outer works being taken by storm, and shorter traverses were also erected at right angles with it, from the brow of the hill and on the opposite side, extending southward, as a protection from a flank movement of the enemy. Four openings are to be seen in the grand traverse (three of them about 12 feet in width) which were originally covered with massive timber gates, through which the troops and the artillery passed; the one nearest the northeast cut was larger than the others, having double gates opening directly on to the military road leading from the Fort to Lower Sandusky (now Fremont.)

Outside of the grand traverse toward the river bank, about five rods distant from this double gateway, the well which supplied the garrison with water was located. It has long since been almost entirely filled up, still, however, leaving a deep depression. The spot is marked by a white oak post extending about eight feet out of the ground. This is the end of a stick of timber sixty feet long, brought from Swanton two weeks prior to the great celebration of 1840 as a contribution from the patriotic citizens of that community toward the erection of a log cabin on the fort in honor of the hero of the hour, Gen. Harrison, who was then the Whig candidate for President. During the night after its arrival, some mischievous young men of Democratic proclivities in the neighborhood upended the stick and dropped it to the bottom of the well, defiantly planting a hickory bush in the top of it; there the timber has since remained.

At the east angle of the fort (fronting the large ravine where the British three-gun battery was planted), and extending along the north line of the fort, bordering the brow of the hill facing the British batteries across the river, the most formidable earth-works were constructed, and the solid ramparts, with their bastions, curtains, etc., are well preserved, although settled materially from their original proportions. The outlines of the block-houses and battery parapets can be traced close to the stockade. The intention was to cut these loose to be hurled down the steep bluff in the event of a storming party attempting to take the fort by assault. There were three outer gates to the stockade, for the passage of troops and teams—one at a roadway leading down to the river from about the center of the line running along the brow of the hill, through which the garrison was, for a time, supplied with water; one to the right of the south angle of the fort, where the forges and repair shops were located; one to the right of the east angle, on the military road leading to Lower Sandusky. The line of these stockades can be followed, in many places, distinctly by the depressions in the ground caused by their decay; time, however, has destroyed every vestige of the stockade itself, excepting the decayed stumps under the surface.

At the southwest extremity of the Fort was the main defense, constructed after the outer ramparts had all been completed (probably between the first and second seiges). After it was finished, the officers' quarters, store-houses and magazine were moved into it from the opposite end of the Fort. The first and second locations of the magazines are marked by mounds, each about three feet high and twenty feet in diameter. The well defined outlines of this main defence are portrayed in the accompanying illustrations. It was in the shape of a parallelogram, the east and west lines being two hundred and thirty and the north and south lines one hundred and ninety feet in length, measuring from the outer corners. At each angle there were strong blockhouses which were connected together from their inner corners by a stout timber palisade. Outside of the pickets and around the blockhouses was a glacis or wall of earth about eight feet thick, sloping outward from the feet of the pickets, covered with heavy facines, extending to a ditch, originally about fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep. Near the main battery, at the north angle or this stronghold, on the brow of the hill, was the main battery, where Harrison stood watching the movements of Dudley's men over the river.

On the parade ground, about midway between the grand traverse and the outer extremity of the fort, on the brow of the hill, is the officers' burial ground. Lieut. Walker's grave was surrounded by a neat picket fence and marked by a headstone, erected to his memory by his friends; these, however, have long since disappeared, the latter having been carried off piecemeal by relic-hunters. The small tract in the south part of the fort, dedicated principally as a burial place for the "Pittsburg Blues," has been staked off and never disturbed. The field on the river's bank southwest of the fort—the burial ground of the garrison—is still enveloped by the green sod which first covered it.

When the fort was built the timber was cut down on every side for a quarter of a mile or more, in order to prevent surprise from the Indians and also to give unobstructed range to the cannon which defended the fort. The large, handsome trees growing in the pretty ravine east of the fort have all grown up since the date of the seige.

Immediately after the close of the war, the town of Orleans of the North (located on the bottom lands, between Ft. Meigs and the river) became quite an important frontier point; the town of Perrysburg was laid out by the government, however, on the elevated banks below, in 1816, and the once pretentious village of Orleans became a thing of the past; it is now known only in history, with nothing to mark the spot where it once existed. The fort was then garrisoned by forty soldiers, under a lieutenant; this was withdrawn in May 1815, and the four heavy cannon which were there, and the military stores were taken to Detroit by Capt. Jacob Wickson, in the schooner Black Snake. Since that time Ft. Meigs has been left to the sole care of those who owned the estate upon which it is located.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

The dowager Duchess of Montrose won $25,000 in a single race at Ascot.

Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, is reported to be seriously ill at his home, near Augusta, Ga.

Ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha mourns the loss of his favorite wife, who eloped with an Italian cavalry officer.

When Sam Jones preached his farewell sermon at St. Paul, Minn., he asked all present who thought he was in earnest to stand up. The only person who remained seated was the reporter of the *Pioneer Press*.

IMPURE BLOOD!

In the treatment of scrofulous ulcers, sores, glandular swellings, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is far beyond any other alterative. It is not merely for temporary relief, but by its action in purifying the blood, strikes at the roots of all diseases. Mr. J. N. Perry, Potter Brook, Pa., says: "Inherited

SCROFULA

from my parents and my sufferings from it date from my earliest childhood. I was a complete reservoir of blood poison. I had large blotches of Salt Rheum on my elbows and inside my knees. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and am a sound man, thanks to a merciful Providence and the use of Favorite Remedy."

Mrs. Dina Phair, Worcester, Mass., says: "Until recently I have been for three years a sufferer from Salt Rheum. I had my attention called to

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

which I was told would surely do me good. I used it, and in a short time I received a permanent cure. Mr. Charles F. Green, of Fronville, N. Y., says: "I suffered intensely and for a long time from

SALT RHEUM.

I tried many different preparations but without success. The eruption rapidly spread, and caused my flesh to swell and crack. I preferred death to life in this manner. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and have not now the first symptom of the disease."

PREPARED BY

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. $1 a Bottle, 6 for $5.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000. Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
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Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore. NO SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **August 10, 1886—195th** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1 do	do	25,000
1 do	do	10,000
2 PRIZES OF $5,000		10,000
5 do	2,000	10,000
10 do	1,000	10,000
20 do	500	10,000
100 do	200	20,000
300 do	100	30,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
9 Approximation Prizes of $750		6,750
9 do	do 500	4,500
9 do	do 250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to		$283,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

Publishers' Column.

TO ALL WHO GROW FRUITS.

For the accommodation of our patrons, hundreds of whom have asked for it, we have purchased a small edition of the most valuable book ever published for those who have fruit either in large or small quantities, Mrs. S. D. Powers's "Fruit Pastes, Syrups and Preserves."

It is a complete guide for fruit growers, showing how to put up all kinds, cheaply and well, and how to market and make profitable very much that has hitherto gone to waste. No book has ever been written on this subject that is so full, explicit and practical, and it will be found to be worth many times its cost to any housekeeper. It shows you how to save and preserve all kinds of fruits in the best and most marketable form, with a vast mass of other information on this and kindred subjects, which should be known in every household. We send it to any address, post-paid, on receipt of the publisher's price, 25 cents. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set (four portraits) for 65 cents.

We also have in stock portraits of the three great generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan (uniform with above), at 25 cents each, or the three 50 cents.

We will mail postpaid to any adress both sets of these portraits for one dollar. Special terms to agents made known on application. Address— BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANT.

Cut and made to order from carefully selected woolen goods, and sent by mail. We guarantee to refund money on receipt of goods if not satisfied, and then we send him such honest goods and so good a fit that he would not send them back for twice the money. Buying directly from the mills for cash and selling directly to the consumer for cash, saves jobbers' and retailers' profits and rents which makes clothing cost so high. In ordering send waist and inside leg measure, together with $3, and 20c. postage and packing, and tell us about what color you prefer or send 6c. for box of samples of these and other priced goods.

Plymouth Rock Pant Co.,
P. O. Box 2021, Boston, Mass.

MY FARM MUST GO.

I must have money. One of the very best farms in this splendid county. 240 acres rich soil. Large buildings. Good house nearly new, cistern, well, windmill, grove, 5 miles from Waverly, with 3 railroads. Good roads. Substantial fences divide into 9 fields, 5 containing living water—a creek, oceans of tame grass; whole farm in cultivation; 8 miles of good fencing; splendid orchard. If you can't make money on this place you can't anywhere. All for $8,000 if half cash. Write or come

A. H. CLARKE, Waverly, Iowa.

For your birthday information send age, date of birth, sex, and receive, free of charge, your prospects for 1886; stamps for return. Address PROF. TAYLOR, Box 238 Lynn, Mass.

160 CARDS 10 cents. Name and Pictures with Pretty FINGER RING New Catch Fooling Cards, 12 for 10 cents. Sample and terms to Agents, 4 cts. IVY CARD CO., CLINTONVILLE, CONN.

70 Hidden Name, &c. Cards and Scrap Pictures, 18 Parlor Games, Star Puzzle, Fortune Teller, Great Yankee Puzzle, Game of Forfeits, Game of Authors, 31 Enlarged Patterns, one Songster, and Agents' Outfit, 10c. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Conn.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY Co

For tickets or further information in the above Lottery, address

J. B. WILSON, Covington, Ky.
(Mention this paper.)

A. H. Andrews & Co.
Chicago & New York.
Largest Mfrs. School Desks, Globes, Blackboards, Church Seating, Opera Chairs. Office & Bank Furnit'e.

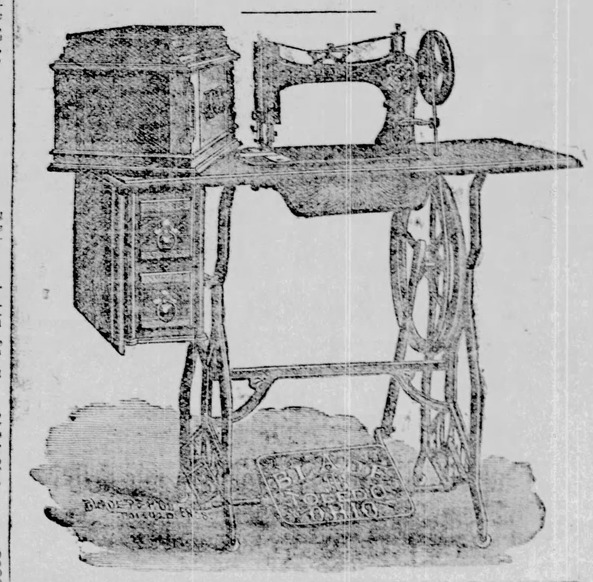
$1000 REWARD for any machine finishing and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in ONE DAY as the VICTOR DOUBLE HULLER.

THE VICTOR

Illustrated circular mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, O.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SEWING MACHINES.

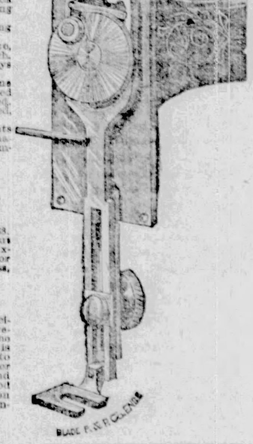
The Best Machine in the World at Less Than Half Price.



The BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Please Read This Carefully.

The above is a correct representation of the BLADE Sewing Machine, made by the BLADE Company for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing Monopoly in this most useful of all domestic helps.



It is the best machine, stands without a peer, and the most useful machine ever put upon the market.

It will do any and all work that can possibly be wanted in any family.

It will cross heavier seams, or work from thin to thick goods, better than any machine ever made, without changing tension or length of stitch.

It is a marvel of simplicity, consequently light-running and still.

It is a double back feed, not an old side-feed machine, and does not pucker the goods in changing length of stitch.

It has decidedly the best loose wheel of any make; always ready for action.

It is unquestionably the neatest design of any machine ever placed upon the market, with wood work unsurpassed in quality and finish, while the ornamentation is unexcelled.

The hand wheel and all bright parts are heavily nickeled, almost equal to silver.

Bear in mind that it is not made up of old expired patents free to all, but the improvements are original with this machine, owned by us, and not used by any other Sewing Company.

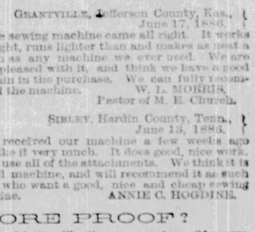
Almost the entire machine is an improved principle.

BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The old monopoly machines are not sold at less than $38. There have been machines advertised for $18 and $20, but these are either machines built of cheap material, from expired patents which have none of the New improvements, or are old machines rebuilt. In either case they are worthless, or nearly so.

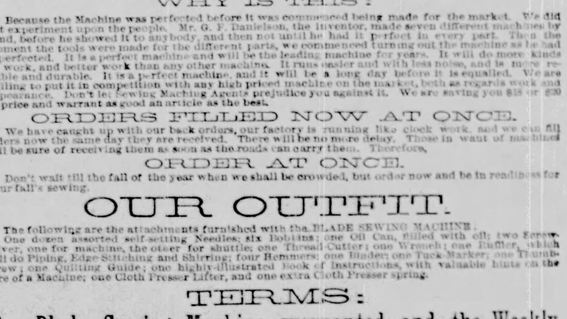
ONCE MORE BEAR THIS IN MIND:

The Blade Machine is built upon an entirely new principle, the patents of which are owned by us. It has improvements possessed by no other machine, it is built from the stand, up, in our own factory, only the very best material is used, and every part is perfect. Where steel is necessary to durability and good working, steel is used, and whatever material enters into its construction is of the very best. And we have in our employ 125 of the best workmen that good wages could procure. We make only the best, for the reason that we are in the sewing machine field to stay, and we cannot afford poor or unsatisfactory work.



THE NEEDLE BAR AND FEED.

We embarked in this enterprise more to save the people the enormous and oppressive price that has been exacted for Sewing Machines than anything else, and that a sufficient guaranty that our Machine is all that it should be. To put out an inferior Machine would be to defeat the object of the enterprise. One bad machine kills the sale entirely in the neighborhood in which it is sold.



THE UNDER SIDE OF THE MACHINE—THE SIMPLEST IN THE WORLD.

IS OUR MACHINE GOOD?

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

And remember they are all from living people who can be reached by mail:

SNEDSBURG, IA., June 16, 1886.

We have received your machine and we like it very much. It is not hard to understand, and it is a light-running machine.

MR. FRED. ALSON.

LA PRAIRIE, June 15, 1886.

Our machine arrived in good order, and would just say we are well pleased with it after giving it a trial, and it is a handsomer machine than we expected for the money. It looks better, if anything than the $45 ones the agent has been trying to sell us. There is several wanting to see it, as they want a good machine, when it is so cheap.

WM. ANGLESON.

ELK CITY, KAS., June 15, 1886.

The machine got here all right, and my wife is well pleased with it so far as heard from. She has gone on a visit, and as soon as she gets back she will give it a thorough trial, and then she will write you about it. Every one that sees it thinks it is a daisy.

W. J. WALKER.

WAYLAND, N. Y., June 15, 1886.

May machine came June 11. We sent for it nearly four months ago, but it finally came all right. My wife likes it very much. Does good work and is equal to the dearest machines. Others are talking of sending for them.

GEO. J. SCHWINGLE.

ISHPEMING, May 25, 1886.

The sewing machine arrived in good order; the machine is in all senses of the word equal to my expectation. In looks it is a beauty. It does beautiful work, and my wife is very much pleased. She has given it a thorough test, and the more she uses it the better she likes it. She has a good Domestic machine, and says that it is a different opinion now, and thinks that the difference in price should be reversed. She praises you very much for your success in getting up such a masterpiece of work for such a small amount of money, and will recommend itself wherever it goes.

AUGUST BEERLING.

DO YOU WANT MORE PROOF?

We don't see how you can. We are receiving hundreds of letters like these every day. Of course there have been some complaints, but those were from machines that were injured in transit, or from people who did not quite understand the working of it. But those machines were made good at once, so we can safely say that the Machine has given satisfaction in every case.

A GOOD WARRANTY.

THE BLADE COMPANY WARRANTS EVERY MACHINE

To be exactly as represented, and everyb

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ABOUT NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

I heard the question discussed awhile ago, not only as to the propriety of the keeping of such national holidays as the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, but as to whether there is any real benefit derived from the parades, music, fireworks and decorations, and whether the influence upon the young was not rather harmful than otherwise. It was urged that a great deal of money is spent in what is of no practical value, and might much better be devoted to helping make life easier to struggling humanity; that boys were encouraged in wastefulness by the lavish expenditure for articles which afford but a momentary gratification in the noise and flash of burning; that accidents were numerous, and, in short, there were so many evils connected, especially with the Fourth of July, that the doing away with its observance would be an unquestioned good.

I took no part in the conversation, in which the pros and cons of the question were very thoroughly discussed, but my mind reverted to Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country," which, pure piece of fiction though it was, presented in so vivid a manner the misery of one condemned for an act of treason never to set foot upon his native land, and never to hear it mentioned, but to die in absolute ignorance of all that concerned it from the moment he left its shores after sentence, that one could not but feel, there was a stern reality in the sentiment of patriotism which should not be ignored. If there were not, a thing like that could not have appealed to the heart so strongly, as it did to all who read the story. Much of the effect, it is true, was due to the beauty of diction, but much more to the thought it embodied, and the feeling it idealized.

In looking over the history of the past, the conviction is borne forcibly into the mind that the nations which have risen to the grandest heights of glory, which have made the most rapid strides forward in all that renders a people truly great, have been those in which the sentiment of devotion to their country and its government has been most decided among the common people. The feeling that prompts men to lay down their lives in the face of the foe, and that gives women the strength to send their loved ones into the midst of fiery danger, must be one that the Creator implanted, and whatever tends to keep it bright, or to make it stronger, should be cherished.

As a whole and under proper restrictions, the keeping of both Fourth of July and Decoration Day is wholesome; though the direction of their influence is entirely different. The noise and stir, the showy parade, gay music and shooting fireworks peculiar to the Fourth, arouse in the minds of the young, a pride in the country whose birth is thus celebrated. It must be great, if the men they look up to and respect think it should be thus honored, and the germs of the patriotism that holds them true to its interests thereafter are aroused to life. And the boy and girl in whom this grows in fervor and strength with the passing of the years, will make better men and women than they in whom there is inculcated no love of country.

Do away with the celebration of the Fourth of July? No indeed! Better far make it possess a more vivid interest in the minds of the young. Let the Declaration of Independence be read in the school room and its meaning be made plain to every boy and girl in the room. Let them be taught that it is as much a duty to love the country whose foundation stones that Declaration forms, to obey its laws and study its interests, as it is to honor and obey their parents. Let mothers teach their children the same lesson at home, that patriotism is one of the sterling virtues not to be overlooked or disregarded. Then the Fourth of July celebrations will mean something to them beside the mere having of a good time.

The lessons taught by the observance of Decoration Day are in another direction, but they are every whit as important. As a nation, we are growing to lack in reverence for all things, and it is an important tendency when it comes to include unselfish deeds or unswerving devotion to duty. To honor our soldier dead, to make their memory as fragrant and beautiful as the flowers laid over their graves, should be not only a pleasure but a duty. And this must be taught to the children by word and by example. They must learn that they who died for their country are held in loving remembrance by the living, that their sacrifices are appreciated, and that the years which pass as a tale that is told, bring no diminution or regard for the motives which sent them where hurtling shot and shell struck them down in the twinkling of an eye, or to a lingering death in the hospital. Even though those high in power may, for selfish purposes, ignore all that the soldiers have done and suffered, the boys and girls should be taught in school and at the home fireside to honor patriotism. And so we may not let the observance of Decoration Day lose any of its force and significance by anything like neglect.

And what about the money spent? It does not seem to me wasted, if its spending helps to educate people in the right way. That there is often extravagance is true, but so there is many other directions, where the ultimate aim is a good one. Restrictions are needed that dangers may be avoided, but taken as a whole, what is expended both in celebrating the day our nation was declared independent, and in honoring our soldier dead, is well spent.

Then there is another thing. As a people our holidays are few. Even Sunday is entrenched upon by work and business. It is well to have times when all this can be dropped, and a new direction be given to the thoughts, new ideas introduced into the life. If nothing else has power to do this, the celebration of national holidays will. Men, women and children, as a whole, are better for the variation from the monotony of every-day doing, and were there more occasions of this kind, existence would come to mean more of comfort and pleasure to the masses. No doubt there are many who overtax themselves and suffer afterwards. There are many discomforts and much weariness connected with these pleasurings, but, after all, when the pleasure and pain are summed up, the aggregate will be on the side of the former. Yes, I believe in holidays and in their universal observance by the people.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Fan Quilt or Bed Scarf.—This is something different from the crazy work which has so long been the rage. Sew strips of silk of different colors together in the form of an open fan. The outside strips must be of black velvet to represent the sticks. These must be sewed upon a foundation, the same as the crazy patchwork. Some light colored silk should be put upon the places, which the fan will not cover, and also under the small sticks, which must be made of black satin. Make the blocks so that the fans will turn alternately in different directions. After one fan has been made no difficulty will be found with the others. Of course the strips of silk must be made gradually narrower where they meet the sticks. A spray of flowers or some quaint design of embroidery may be put upon each fan. If a bed curl is made, there may be a larger center piece with a fan, and then a border made of small fans.

A Pretty Satchel.—Cut a circular piece of card board of perhaps six inches in diameter. Have the covering for one side of ivory satin and the other of pink. Line them thickly with wadding and quilt in small diamonds. At each intersection fasten tiny pearl buttons, or a bead. Overhand the covers together around the cardboard and put a row of the same buttons around the edge. Then around the lower edge sew pompons of ivory white and pink alternately, and a mixed cord of same colors to hang it up by from the upper half. Of course the batting must be sprinkled with sachet powder. Instead of cord, ribbons may be used to suspend it with. The back of the sachet need not be of satin if it is to be hung against the wall.

Parlor Chair.—The following description of a luxurious chair for a parlor or sitting room, which is very novel and at the same time pretty and convenient, we find in the *Call*, of Philadelphia: "Get a carpenter to make a triangular seat, the height of any ordinary chair or ottoman. It can be made with a lid to open, to put work or newspapers into. Stuff the top with excelsior and cover it with a thick layer of wool; over that place the final covering of plush, which can be tufted or left smooth as fancy dictates. Have the carpenter fasten the seat in a corner, having the lid open towards the front, the triangle fitting close against the wall. Put two or three handsome cushions against the wall. Fit a piece of gilt molding or cornice to the ceiling across the corner to match the shape of the seat below, and hang a pair of madras or transparent or flowered silk curtains from the cornice and loop them back with chains or wide satin ribbons the color of the plush seat. When nicely fitted up this little corner seat makes a most luxurious resting place, besides being exceedingly ornamental."—ED.

Torchon Lace—Cast on 17 stitches—1st row: k 3—o—n—o—n—k 5—n—o—k 1—o—k 2—2d and each alternate row, knit plain; 3d row: k 4—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2; 5th row: k 5—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—k 2; 7th row: k 6—o—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 5—o—k 2; 9th row: k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—k 2; 11th row: k 4—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 5—o—k 2; 12th row: cast off 5—k 16. Repeat from 1.

Open Diamond Lace—Cast on 31 stitches—1st row: k 8—o—n—o 2—n—k 6—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—k 8. 2d row: k 10—p 1—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—p 1—k 9; 3d row: k 6—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 4—o 2—p 2 tog—k 12; 4th row: k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 6—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 7; 5th row: k 4—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—p 2 tog—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 5; 6th row: k 2—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—o 2—p 2 tog—k 14; 8th row: k 14—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3; 9th row: k 4—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 9; 14th row: k 11—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—p 1—k 9; 15th row: k 18—o 2—p 2 tog—k 22; 16th row: bind off 11—k 11—o 2—p 2 tog—k 18. Repeat from first row. This is lovely lace and very easy to knit.—M. E. T.

Fence Row Lace.—1st row—Make a chain of 18 st—turn—miss 6—fasten in 7th—3 ch into 11th—3 ch into 14th—3 ch into 17th—3 ch—turn; 2d row—3 tr into 1st loop—3 tr into same loop—3 ch—fasten last stitch of next loop—3 tr into next loop—1 ch—3 tr into same loop—1 ch—3 tr into next loop—1 ch—turn; 3d row—4 tr between 1st and 2d tr of last—3 tr—1 ch—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr—under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under same 1 ch—3 ch—fasten into 1st st of next 3 tr—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under same 1 ch—1 tr—fasten under 3 ch—3 ch—turn; 4th row—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under same 1 ch—3 ch—fasten into 1st st of 3 tr—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under same 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—3 tr under 1 ch—1 ch—turn; 5th row—Same as 3d row with 1 more block of 3 tr and 1 ch and 1 ch point; 6th row—Same as 4th with 3 tr and 1 ch added before turning; 7th row—4 tr between 1st and 2d trs of last block—fasten into last of 3 tr—4 tr under next 1 ch—fasten in last of 3 tr—4 tr under next 1 ch—1 ch—end the row same as the others. This is 1 scallop. Begin with 2d row instead of loop—make 3 tr instead of 3 ch as the loops were made to begin with.—MOLLIE.

A sister in the HOUSEHOLD requests a pattern for knitting yarn gloves. I have one for ladies' silk gloves, and trust it will prove acceptable. I think you will find it very plain and correct: Materials required: One ounce of knitting silk, No. 300, and No. 19 knitting needles. Cast 85 stitches on three needles; knit one round plain; 2d round—*n, alternating three stitches plain and two purled, for 60 rounds, or three inches; now, taking the three stitches of one of the ribs as a basis for the thumb, increase two stitches in the next round, one on each side of the rib, and in every fourth round thereafter until you have done 40 rounds of plain knitting. For the inside side of the thumb should be purled in every round up to this point; you should now have 27 stitches in the thumb, not including the two purled stitches, which belong to the hand; string these stitches on a piece of cord and tie securely. Cast on three stitches to take the place of those taken off for thumb, and knit plain till the base of the little finger is reached. For the glove, knit 36 stitches, beginning with the first of the three cast on the thumb; then string 21 for the little finger. For left glove, knit 22 stitches, counting from the last cast on for the thumb, and continue as with the other. Cast on 6 stitches to take the place of the little finger, and knit 4 times around. String 28 for little finger, 7 back of 6 cast on last, and 10 in front. Cast on 10, knit around once, string 24, 6 at the back and 8 in front of the 10 cast on last. Cast on 12, knit till nearly long enough for forefinger, then narrow once in each needle in every round until all are disposed of. Take up the stitches of the other fingers and thumb and finish in like manner. The fingers and thumb will fit a little better if more stitches be taken up on the cast-on stitches and narrowed once each round at each end of the inside needle till the required number of stitches are left. For instance, take 13 stitches of the thumb on one needle and 14 on the second, pick up 8 stitches in the space where 3 were cast on for the third needle, and narrow as stated above.—I. T. D.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER PROTEST.—I read with great interest the many good and sensible letters in the HOUSEHOLD column, and have seen many good suggestions to ladies who are without husbands (I presume) as to earning one's own living. So far so good, but as to the farmers' wife! I entirely agree with "Indignant Farmers' Wife," and think she has even more to do now than she ought to have according to her strength. I find, myself, that from early morn till 9:30 and 10 p. m. I am on the go all day long. There are so many things to do that take so much time, that really there is nothing to show for it. Hoeing the garden from Monday morning till Saturday night, then commence again feeding fowls, attending to setting hens, feeding calves, skimming, churning, getting meals, and many other things which would fill a column to mention, all tend to make up a very hard days work for the farmer's wife, and a harder one still comes every baking and washing day. I think as "indignant Farmers' Wife" does, that so much being written on the subject would necessarily make some selfish husbands dissatisfied to say the least of it.—A FARMERS' WIFE.

Are not our friends a little unjust to wish to deny to those farmers' wives who desire, and have time to do something to earn money which they can call their "very own," any information as to the best way to do so, lest some selfish husbands may imagine their already overtaxed helpmeets might do likewise? No man, unless he is a brute, would wish to crowd more labor than our correspondent describes into a day, and no woman whose strength is thus taxed should permit herself to be bullied into attempting anything more.

Farmers' wives who earn money often find the time to do it by hiring help which she herself pays, to assist her in her duties, thus enabling her to carry on some employment that will make her cash returns. She has, however, at first the right to obtain help from the same fund as her husband does for his work (though he may not think so) and there is no more reason why she should devote all her energies to working simply for her board and a few clothes than that he should. She labors quite as hard always as he does, and often harder in proportion to her strength, and without Sunday to rest, for the family must be cared for on that day as on others.

It is very foolish for our correspondent to imagine that any one believes it her duty to do more than she is able, and she would show little good sense if she allows her husband to urge her into undertaking what is such a press of duties, she could not carry out successfully, but she should not object to those women who desire to do so, making the attempt in the right way.—ED.

HINTSTO HOME-SEEKERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—Invalids who come to Southern California expecting to gain a new lease of life make a great mistake if they remain in the city. It is all folly to suppose that a weak, spiritless creature can win back health and strength in a crowded boarding-house, or by pacing listlessly up and down the narrow lot on which his cottage stands. The price of real estate in Los Angeles has risen so rapidly during the last two years that only the possessor of a comfortable fortune can obtain ample grounds desirably located within the city limits. But a few miles out of town there are a number of charming suburban settlements—half village, half country—as they are often described, and blessed with pure air and unlimited sunshine—that seem to be the invalid's paradise. Of these suburbs, let me give a brief description of Alhambra, in response to many inquiries: It lies in the famous San Gabriel valley, six miles from the Sierra Madra mountains, and seven from Los Angeles—an hour's easy drive to town over a good hard road, or 20 minutes by the cars. The little village has stores, boarding-houses, a pharmacy, post-office, telephone station and public hall. A tasteful Gothic church stands a short distance back from the main avenue, and a handsome school-house is to be finished for occupancy this fall. Pure, soft water from a neighboring canyon is distributed over the entire tract through iron pipes. The broad streets are defined by hedges of Monterey cypress or glossy pomegranate, and shaded by pepper trees, palms, grevilleas and other ornamental trees. The pretty cottages are built with ample verandas, which are festooned with ivy or jasmine, or hidden by a wealth of roses.

Here one may live out of doors from morning till night (except in stormy weather) and pick fresh fruit from his own grounds every day in the year. There is always something to interest one, and the days are far too short to carry out half your plans. You come home from your neighbor's laden with "slips" and cuttings, and watch over them with tender anxiety; you drive down the long avenues of orange trees and stroll through the great vineyards where the grape vines are in blossom, reveling in the delicious fragrance; you picnic in the canyons, and hunt for delicate ferns and saxifrages; you lie in the hammock and watch the shadows on the mountains, and listen to the mocking birds; and, if you are able, you devote a certain portion of each day to good, steady work.

But the great trouble with many people who come here seeking to regain health, is that they work too hard, believing that with the first accession of vigor they are perfectly restored to health and "can do as much as anybody." This is a wonderful climate, but even the most enthusiastic supporters of it hardly claim that a man had given years of his life to that process known as breaking down," a few weeks or months in this balmy air are all that are necessary to invest him with old-time vigor. So it is far wiser to make haste slowly, and give the pure air and blessed sunshine abundant time to do their work well. Buy a plot of ground just large enough to afford healthful occupation and exercise than an extensive orchard, the care of which would be a constant drain on the owner's vitality.

It is very difficult for one who has never visited the Pacific coast to form a correct idea of California; the state is so large and possesses such a multitude of climates, including, as it does, mountains and valleys, coast and deserts, within its borders. Indeed, each locality may be said to have a climate of its own, depending largely on its elevations above the sea and its situation with regard to the adjacent mountains and hills.

For instance, San Gabriel, which includes Alhambra, is the home of the orange and lemon. Some of the oldest and largest groves in the state may be found here. There is so little frost that tender greenhouse plants thrive the year round in the open air. During the summer plants and trees require irrigation. Two miles from San Gabriel is a belt of moist land suitable for general farming. Grass grows in the streets summer and winter, crops require no irrigation, and orange trees and tender plants cannot be grown in consequence of the heavy frosts that occur during the rainy season.

Therefore, if you wish information concerning any particular portion of California, try and get it from a resident. Do not ask for information of Southern Californians—where the native-born children have never seen snow except on the distant mountain peaks—from a dweller in one of the Sierra counties, where storms of sleet and snow rage as fiercely as in the East—unless your informant is able to answer your questions from personal knowledge.—EDITOR.

Bear in mind that throughout the entire state but little rain falls from May to November. If you come here in the middle of the dry season expecting to find the plains and foot-hills covered with February grasses and wild flowers a bitter disappointment awaits you. But wherever there is a stream of water the dusty desert may be made to blossom as the rose. And it often seems as if these Southern California homes with their velvety lawns and tinkling fountains, their palms and magnolias, their graceful vines and blossoming shrubs, their wealth of semi-tropical and Northern fruits, are best appreciated in the brown setting of midsummer. Then their evergreen beauty presents a more striking contrast than when all nature is covered with the lush verdure that follows the autumnal rains.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, Los Angeles county, California.

A TALK WITH MOTHERS.—I want to enter the HOUSEHOLD just a few moments to have a talk with the mothers. There has been much said concerning the children—kind, helpful words, coming from true, noble women. It does seem of the most vital importance to keep the children close to us—never to relax our hold upon their affections, their confidence. Their hands and hearts should be most closely united with ours. It will be so much easier for them to keep in the right way if we, their parents, assist them each day to accustomize to do their duty unreservedly, let the effort cost what it may. We should make their homes the sweetest place on earth to them. They would not be tempted to stray then. It should be restful and cheery, an atmosphere of love and peace.

Never mind mother, if your daughter's clothes are not trimmed much. Teach her the vast importance of the soul, above the adornment of the body. Not that I would wish her debarred from enjoying tasteful pretty garments, but do not let her feel that to live, is to dress.

"Is not the life more than the food, and the body than raiment?" Help her to cultivate her mind—to be a true womanly woman. Teach her all the necessary duties that a housekeeper will need to be capable of performing. Teach her self reliance—a greater inheritance than wealth, and she will be strong in the very possession of it, and above all help her to be a Christian. No one can lead a daughter to the fold of Christ as a mother can. Her hand should be the one to guide toward the better land, and to Christ, the refuge, and Savior.

And the boys, bless them! Never mind if they do disarrange your nicely furnished rooms. What would these rooms be without them? and they do muss things up generally, make lots of racket, and tease their sisters and the cats; the sisters and cats enjoy it as well as they can, and it certainly was a part of the plan that "boys should be boys." They will outgrow the propensity soon enough. They have hearts that you may reach and hold, and incline in the way of life, "God helping you," and you, their mothers, are in a great degree responsible for their eternal weal or woe.

God requires much of parents. Life is so short that we cannot lose any precious time that we might be helping our children heavenward. Discipline should be commenced before a child is 2 years old If properly instructed early a child will never depart from the way he should go but remains obedient and respectful. God help us to be true to our trust.—LAURA E. NEWELL, Manhattan, Kansas.

Inquiries.

Will some of the readers of the "Home" please tell me through its columns how to extract honey from the comb without the use of a patent extractor? Also, about how much would a patent extractor cost?—MRS. MARY GRAY.

Can any one tell where there is a factory or establishment which uses the product of the milkweed to make thread?—M. A. W.

I would like to hear from some one who has used magnetic belts for the kidneys. If any one who has tried magnetism will please answer this, they will do a kindness to humanity.—INCOGNITO.

Will some one who knows tell what will kill the kind of millers or moths that flutter around a lighted lamp? Our house is infested with them. Will they damage anything?—COUSIN RACHEL.

Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my hens? Will tell symptoms, and would like to know what is the matter and a remedy. I first notice a gasping, and they turn almost black around the head; some of them get so stiff they cannot walk; they live about ten days. Some one please tell me as soon as possible what to do, and oblige—H. J. W.

Will some one inform a widow woman, through the HOUSEHOLD, of a place to work at any kind of work? I have a boy 10 years old that I would like to keep near me or with me. Any one answering this through the BLADE, if they will give their address, I will write to them.—A WIDOW.

Can some one give a recipe for walnut catsup? Would like to have one soon, as the nuts are about old enough.—READER.

Will "Aunt Emma" please give her address, through the BLADE? I would like to correspond with her in regard to that terrible disease, eczema. I am one of the greatest sufferers from it, and would pity a dog, as the saying is, that was so afflicted. I have spent many dollars trying to find relief, but have failed. Now, if you will kindly help me, as requested, you will confer a very great favor, and one for which I shall be so thankful.—MRS. F. E. BARBER.

Will any one send me something for my memorial album, mosses, ferns, flowers, or anything?.—PANSY.

Please tell me what is good for painful groins; sometimes they seem to be sprained, and sometimes there are darting pains. I have been troubled in this way for over a year.—MRS. M. A. MOUNTJOY, Genda Springs, Sumner Co., Kansas.

Can some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to prepare kale for the table?—C. E. S.

Do some of the housekeepers know that rolled oat meal is nearly if not quite as nice in soup as rice?—C. E. S.

Will some one tell us how to raise some money on a crazy quilt for a church fair. No raffling nor chance taking will be allowed. If any one can suggest something unique as an attraction we will be grateful. We intend having an art or industrial exhibition at our fair which will be in August, and if it is a success will give the sisters an account of it, if desired.—FAIR.

Answers to Inquiries.

I see in the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE an inquiry with repard to the care of bunions. I had one, an enlargement of the great toe, but cured it five years ago, and it has never troubled me since. I took an old shoe, cut out a piece over the bunion, then spread on soft leather some black wax (made of tar and rosin—both healing) and applied to the bunion. Spread a new one occasionally and wear till cured. I think it cured mine in about four or five weeks, and it has been well ever since. The wax can be procured at a shoemaker's or harness-maker's.

I have seen an inquiry for a cure for bleeding at the nose. I was troubled some eight or nine years since and tried all the remedies the M. Ds. prescribed and all the others I read in the BLADE, in vain; but I finally found a remedy that never failed me. Take the bark of the root of the butternut tree, steep it and make a strong decoction and snuff it up the nose or apply to a wound, and it is a sure cure every time as far as my experience has tested it, and that has been for years. I hope these replies may do good to suffering humanity.—MRS. A. R. S.

Answer to "Farmer's Wife" about canning green corn: Take nice, tender green corn, cut from the cob with a sharp knife, and with back of knife scrape cob. See that the jars are not cracked, put in the corn, a man had given years of his life to that process known as breaking down," a few weeks or months in this balmy air are all that are necessary to invest him with old-time vigor. So it is far wiser to make haste slowly, and give the pure air and blessed sunshine abundant time to do their work well. Buy a plot of ground just large enough to afford healthful occupation and exercise than an extensive orchard, the care of which would be a constant drain on the owner's vitality.

It is very difficult for one who has never visited the Pacific coast to form a correct idea of California; the state is so large and possesses such a multitude of climates, including, as it does, mountains and valleys, coast and deserts, within its borders. Indeed, each locality may be said to have a climate of its own, depending largely on its elevations above the sea and its situation with regard to the adjacent mountains and hills.

For instance, San Gabriel, which includes Alhambra, is the home of the orange and lemon. Some of the oldest and largest groves in the state may be found here. There is so little frost that tender greenhouse plants thrive the year round in the open air. During the summer plants and trees require irrigation. Two miles from San Gabriel is a belt of moist land suitable for general farming. Grass grows in the streets summer and winter, crops require no irrigation, and orange trees and tender plants cannot be grown in consequence of the heavy frosts that occur during the rainy season.

Therefore, if you wish information concerning any particular portion of California, try and get it from a resident. Do not ask for information of Southern Californians—where the native-born children have never seen snow except on the distant mountain peaks—from a dweller in one of the Sierra counties, where storms of sleet and snow rage as fiercely as in the East—unless your informant is able to answer your questions from personal knowledge.—EDITOR.

Bear in mind that throughout the entire state but little rain falls from May to November. If you come here in the middle of the dry season expecting to find the plains and foot-hills covered with February grasses and wild flowers a bitter disappointment awaits you. But wherever there is a stream of water the dusty desert may be made to blossom as the rose. And it often seems as if these Southern California homes with their velvety lawns and tinkling fountains, their palms and magnolias, their graceful vines and blossoming shrubs, their wealth of semi-tropical and Northern fruits, are best appreciated in the brown setting of midsummer. Then their evergreen beauty presents a more striking contrast than when all nature is covered with the lush verdure that follows the autumnal rains.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, Los Angeles county, California.

A TALK WITH MOTHERS.—I want to enter the HOUSEHOLD just a few moments to have a talk with the mothers. There has been much said concerning the children—kind, helpful words, coming from true, noble women. It does seem of the most vital importance to keep the children close to us—never to relax our hold upon their affections, their confidence. Their hands and hearts should be most closely united with ours. It will be so much easier for them to keep in the right way if we, their parents, assist them each day to accustomize to do their duty unreservedly, let the effort cost what it may. We should make their homes the sweetest place on earth to them. They would not be tempted to stray then. It should be restful and cheery, an atmosphere of love and peace.

Never mind mother, if your daughter's clothes are not trimmed much. Teach her the vast importance of the soul, above the adornment of the body. Not that I would wish her debarred from enjoying tasteful pretty garments, but do not let her feel that to live, is to dress.

"Is not the life more than the food, and the body than raiment?" Help her to cultivate her mind—to be a true womanly woman. Teach her all the necessary duties that a housekeeper will need to be capable of performing. Teach her self reliance—a greater inheritance than wealth, and she will be strong in the very possession of it, and above all help her to be a Christian. No one can lead a daughter to the fold of Christ as a mother can. Her hand should be the one to guide toward the better land, and to Christ, the refuge, and Savior.

And the boys, bless them! Never mind if they do disarrange your nicely furnished rooms. What would these rooms be without them? and they do muss things up generally, make lots of racket, and tease their sisters and the cats; the sisters and cats enjoy it as well as they can, and it certainly was a part of the plan that "boys should be boys." They will outgrow the propensity soon enough. They have hearts that you may reach and hold, and incline in the way of life, "God helping you," and you, their mothers, are in a great degree responsible for their eternal weal or woe.

God requires much of parents. Life is so short that we cannot lose any precious time that we might be helping our children heavenward. Discipline should be commenced before a child is 2 years old If properly instructed early a child will never depart from the way he should go but remains obedient and respectful. God help us to be true to our trust.—LAURA E. NEWELL, Manhattan, Kansas.

Inquiries.

Will some of the readers of the "Home" please tell me through its columns how to extract honey from the comb without the use of a patent extractor? Also, about how much would a patent extractor cost?—MRS. MARY GRAY.

Can any one tell where there is a factory or establishment which uses the product of the milkweed to make thread?—M. A. W.

I would like to hear from some one who has used magnetic belts for the kidneys. If any one who has tried magnetism will please answer this, they will do a kindness to humanity.—INCOGNITO.

Will some one who knows tell what will kill the kind of millers or moths that flutter around a lighted lamp? Our house is infested with them. Will they damage anything?—COUSIN RACHEL.

Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my hens? Will tell symptoms, and would like to know what is the matter and a remedy. I first notice a gasping, and they turn almost black around the head; some of them get so stiff they cannot walk; they live about ten days. Some one please tell me as soon as possible what to do, and oblige—H. J. W.

Will some one inform a widow woman, through the HOUSEHOLD, of a place to work at any kind of work? I have a boy 10 years old that I would like to keep near me or with me. Any one answering this through the BLADE, if they will give their address, I will write to them.—A WIDOW.

Can some one give a recipe for walnut catsup? Would like to have one soon, as the nuts are about old enough.—READER.

Will "Aunt Emma" please give her address, through the BLADE? I would like to correspond with her in regard to that terrible disease, eczema. I am one of the greatest sufferers from it, and would pity a dog, as the saying is, that was so afflicted. I have spent many dollars trying to find relief, but have failed. Now, if you will kindly help me, as requested, you will confer a very great favor, and one for which I shall be so thankful.—MRS. F. E. BARBER.

Will any one send me something for my memorial album, mosses, ferns, flowers, or anything?.—PANSY.

Please tell me what is good for painful groins; sometimes they seem to be sprained, and sometimes there are darting pains. I have been troubled in this way for over a year.—MRS. M. A. MOUNTJOY, Genda Springs, Sumner Co., Kansas.

Can some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to prepare kale for the table?—C. E. S.

Do some of the housekeepers know that rolled oat meal is nearly if not quite as nice in soup as rice?—C. E. S.

Will some one tell us how to raise some money on a crazy quilt for a church fair. No raffling nor chance taking will be allowed. If any one can suggest something unique as an attraction we will be grateful. We intend having an art or industrial exhibition at our fair which will be in August, and if it is a success will give the sisters an account of it, if desired.—FAIR.

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Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

YATES CENTER, KAN.	PELICAN, MINN.	EXETER, NEB.
Jessie G Bayless	Sadie Rathbun	Jos B Gibson
Laura M Bayless	Arvie Rathbun	NO PLACE GIVEN.
Clara Fergus	Birdie Rathbun,	Roy Reed
M Rhea	Mabel Rathbun	Elva Doan
Nezzie Bayless	Sarah Blackey	Charley Doane
Ethel Hardy	Harry Blackey	May Ross
Nettie Fergus	Bertie Blackey	Eliza A Jones
May Kimber	John Knudson	Cora L Atkins
Edgar Ireland	Willie Knudson	A May White
Sallie Jeffries	Will H Day	Dora Reed
Augustus Ireland	Ray Francis	Lola F Atkins
John Jeffries	Bertha Phelps	Ada M Morris
W E Jeffries	John Pheips	Ida Reed
Fred A Collins	Chas Phelps	Susie Thorn
John Ragle	Minnie Wilson	Blanche A Reed
Alta E Harding	Hannah Larson	Angie Thorn
NO PLACE GIVEN.	John Cottyme	Bert Doane
Hattie Baker	Edwin Pinkham	Solon Reed
Bertie Baker	Jos Quamme	Len Reed
Willie Baker	Ella Lacy	John W Sigmon
Lulie Stockton	Flora Lightfoot	Ruth Reed
Mary Stewart	Chas Williams	Alfred Davis
Sophia Ruckert	Earl Faulds	Lucy Reed
Effie Ruckert	Eva Faulds	JORDAN LAKE, WIS
CORRECTIONVILLE, ILL.	Elia Blodgett	Laura E Totten
Melvina Coleman	Bessie Crandall	Rosa J Totten
Emma St Asberry	CARTHAGE, DAK.	S Ralph Graham
P Stensberry	Kate McConnell	Eva R Graham
Sideria Morrison	Jas McConnell	Frank R Graham
Chas Farrell	Lee McConnell	Stanton Graham
Samuel Brodwyn	M A Gabler	Pearl Haskin
John M Peterson	Grace Feathers	Lucile M Larkin
Chris L Peterson	Daisy Carpenter	Fennie Larkin
Chas Morris	Etta Packard	Clifford Larkin
Leon B Hudson	Luther Lawrence	Arthur Larkin
Thos Holloman	Fred Rogers	Freddie Bauer
H Holloman	Geo W Lord	Oscar W Bauer
Edward D Tounds	Fred Lord	Ella M Everson
Rolland C Moore	Charley Walker	Willie Everson
Napoleon Single	Winnie Culver	Janie Stampfly
Henry Herrin	Louise Culver	HUMBOLDT, IA.
Frank Sumner	Zettie Irish	Alice Bailey
Dan Sperry	Dora Irish	Bell Bailey
George Gunter	Alta Lawrence	Lulu Packer
Della Gunter	Ida Phillips	Enid Bowlett
T Moonshnan	Natta Packard	Jessie Connor
Edward Wright	Matti Winfield	Fannie Lorbeer
Wm Cratty	Burton Leonard	Myrtle Fuller
W J Cavaness	Harry Sperling	Minnie Brown
Ida Littleton	Gertie Sperling	Myra Thomas
Josie Caviness	Bessie Berg	Jennie Connor
Cora Littleton	Annie Berg	Clara Emerson
Willie Littleton	Chas Culver	Edith Connor
SPENCER, W. VA.	Jennie Feathers	Rosa Clark
T E Ward	Willie Bagley	Mabel Clark
Florence Hoff	Frank Packard	Annie Mason
Cora Hoff	Charley Drake	Katie Baker
Addie Hoff	Millie Clark	Carrie Brown
Emma Hoff	Clara Clark	Lena McLaughlin
J A Hoff	HAMILTON, N. Y.	Rena Nickson
Jennings Hoff	Fred Woods	Pearl Woods
J L Hoff	Bill Wiseman	Lora Pike
Annie Smith	FREMONT, ILL.	Belle Lowry
Maggie Smith	H Strailsbifface	Bertha Beattree
Louie Ward	F Strailsbifface	Theresa Taylor
A D Ward	W Wagner, Jr	Mabel Schelbeigr
Evart Burges	SPRINGPORT, MICH.	Louise Schelner
Chas B Burges	Dora Geiger	Dora Storms
Emma B Burges	Ettie Geiger	Ruth Grover
Ocie Ward	Harry Geiger	Emma Pike
Henry Dunnaway	Fannie Smith	Florence E Cope
Addie Dunnaway	Walter Smith	Julia E Taylor
Ollie Dunnaway	Wagner Smith	Hattie Hoover
Belle Alvis	Eddie Smith	Minnie Willey
George Alvis	Charley Webber	Lucretia Marvin
Geo Nester	Foy Austin	Nellie Echelbrger
Evart Fester	Carrie Colson	Ora Crabtree
Frank Fester	Fred Colson	Bessie Skinner
Frank Switzler	Willie Colson	Gertie Crandall
Maggie Goff	Lina Craver	Lale Clelham
J A Stanley	Etta Craver	May Hardy
A P Hoff	Harry Bond	RUSSELLVILLE, TENN.
PRINCETON, IND.	Glenn Burress	Samuel M Gentle
Hulda Jenkins	Minnie Hammond	Oscar W Silvers
VILLAGE, PA.	Ward Bonner	John Watts
Lena Blair	Nelson Elmer	Sarah Robertson
Charley Blair	Lewis Elmer	SEATTLE, W. TER.
Josie Farnum	Sarah Elmer	Frank Wilkinson
Marie Humphrey	Kittie Bennett	

Names this week, 251. Total, 10,496.

For the Blade Young Folks.

CHILD LOVERS.

BY C. S.

Dear little sweethearts
With beautiful eyes,
As guileless and sunny
As perfect June skies;
Not the pure love of angels
More holy can be
Than the innocent love
In their clear depths I see

Dear little sweethearts,
Not Eden's first pair
Ever dreamed sweeter dreams
Or was freer from care;
Not a doubt in your hearts—
All is blissful content,
And each golden hour
For your pleasure is sent.

Dear little sweethearts,
You ask how I know
Love's beautiful love

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CURRANT WORMS.—MRS. M. G. T. MARKLE, Indiana: A leading small fruit grower circumvents the currant worm by allowing no sprouts to grow. He allows but three main stems to a bush, and rubs off all root sprouts when about six inches long. As worms begin with the new growth first, and there are no sprouts, there will be no worms. Prof. Maynard says the best and safest remedy is Pyrethrum powder, applied just at night. An extensive grower near Norwalk, this state, says he simply takes coal ashes, and thoroughly sifts it among the currant bushes when the dew is on. Afterward he gives the bushes a complete washing with water, using a garden pump on which there is a sprinkler.—ED.

FLY BITES.—Would like to know some remedy, if there is any, to prevent flies biting stock. I have a valuable milch cow that seems to be unusually sensitive to fly bites. While other stock on the farm do not seem to mind the flies particularly, she seems almost mad from the pain of the bites. Any information will be thankfully received.—L. SLADE, Mitchell, Dak.—[Lime water, containing a drachm of commercial carbolic acid to the pint, is very soothing. If any one knows any better thing than this, they should, as a member of the BLADE FARM family, send it for publication.—ED.]

NAVICULAR DISEASE.—Please oblige a reader and subscriber by giving remedy for navicular disease of the horse. I see, in your issue of June 24, the disease described, but no remedy.—WILLIAM BURNETT, Clinton Furnace, W. Va. [In this disease rest is absolutely necessary for at least two months after commencing treatment. The horse should be removed to a loose box and given a cathartic. The diet must be low. Remove the shoe, and bleed freely at the toe. Then poultice the entire foot diligently for a week or two. At the end of this time, after putting on a patten shoe, blister all around the coronet and pastern very smartly twice. Another good plan is to put in a frog-seaton, as well as, or instead of blistering. When a case has become chronic before treatment, long rest, blisters to the coronets and wearing a frog seaton all the time, is the best that can be done, as the case is beyond cure. ED.]

W. E. B., Black Hawk, Col.: Your cow is suffering from a diseased condition of the blood. Mix up half a pound of salts and a pint of linseed oil, in a cupful of molasses, and give it to her. After this has worked give the following: Sulphate of iron, two drachms, powdered nux vomica, one drachm; powdered gentian, one ounce. This amount daily in dry food or as a drench, for a week. Then give twice a day every day, for a week, an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water. Examine and treat the lice, as they are a source of great injury to cattle.—ED.]

COUGH IN HORSE.—What ails my horse, 7 years old? Seems to be well; has a good appetite; coat looks good; fed liberally, but he is stiffin in front when ambulating; has had a cough for the last two years, except in the very coldest weather in winter; does most of his coughing in the morning; yawns and coughs sometimes twenty times; cannot see that his wind is affected.—Q. ALLEN, Aurora, Ill. [All coughs are due to some irritant. It may result from irritation of the bronchial tubes, boils, worms, etc. To cure, the cause of irritation must be found. The horse will be benefited by giving this: Sulphate of copper, digitalis, pulverized squills, nitre and camphor, each once ounce. Make into ten powders and give one in a bran mash every evening. Feed plenty of potatoes, turnips, etc, with other food. Place salt within reach of the animal.—ED.]

CURB.—I have a Clydesdale colt that I haltered last summer and tied to the manger when it was fifteen months old. It pulled very stubbornly on the halter, and I noticed a short time after an enlargement on the back of the hock joint where a curb shows itself, and this summer it has grown larger. Can you suggest a treatment that will be likely to benefit the horse? Is there a proper shape.—SUNSCRIBER, Hampton, Neb. [A curb is a sprain of the calcaneo-cuboid ligament. If there is inflammation wrap the part with cloth saturated with cold water, keeping on the bandages until the heat and tenderness are gone. A great relief to horses affected with curb is a high-heeled shoe, as it takes the strain from the ligament injured. When the inflammation has been removed, if the swelling remains in a chronic condition, friction with an absorbing liniment is usually successful. After cutting the hair off from the swelling, a little of the following may be rubbed in every night, until a free vesicating change is induced: Biniodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce. The leg should be fomented with hot water to encourage the flow, and if after a weeks time the curb has not disappeared, the ointment should be applied again in a similar manner. Rest is necessary while the horse is under treatment.—ED.]

INJURED BY A NAIL.—Feeling very thankful for the answer I received to my last inquiry, I would like to ask again through your valuable paper. We have a large blind horse which some two months ago got a nail in his left hind foot. It swelled up to his body but it has been going down very slowly, but all around his hoof and some way up on his leg it is yet swelled up considerably and he is very lame. Please tell what will cure him.—D. R. GOLDEN, Petersburg, Ill. [It looks to us as if you had not thoroughly dressed the wound. It would be well for you to gently remove the shoe, pare it and give moderate pressure against the sole and wall of the hoof to see if there is tenderness, or if pus yet runs; if so, you will have to open the wound sufficiently to permit the pus to escape. Envelop the foot in a hot poultice of linseed meal or bran, and if it is shown that the wound is not healing, it should be syringed with a solution of carbonic acid—one drachm of the acid to an ounce of the water; then apply well balanced bandages to the leg, containing acetate of lead 1 ounce, vinegar and water of each 1 pint. Apply the latter for a couple of days, keeping the bandages well wet. This, we think, will reduce the swelling. If not, rub the leg with: Iodine, half an ounce; glycerine and mercurial ointment, of each two ounces; olive oil, six ounces.—ED.]

LAME HOGS.—Please tell me what ails my hogs and a cure for the same. They become lame, eat and drink but little and get very thin. One of my hogs is unable to walk now, and another has been lame for the past three months, but seems to be getting better now. They are not in pens and are well fed.—HENRY BROWN, Steivideo, O. [Your hogs, we think, are troubled with rheumatism and disarrangement of the digestive organs. A hog at times gets stiff by the closing of the little openings on the forelegs. Wash the limbs and shoulders with hot soapsuds and put the animal in a clean place. Then take a pound of sulphur, two ounces of charcoal, two ounces of cinchona and one ounce of sulphate of iron. Pulverize and divide into twelve powders, giving two in the food each day for a week.—ED.]

FLIES.—WILL NOT SAY.—Would you or some of the subscribers kindly inform me through your most valuable paper if there is any preventative known to you for those large horse or cattle flies, and yet harmless to the cattle. You know what a boon it would be to farmers if those pests could be kept from annoying the cows while grazing. And please tell me what is wrong with my hens. They appear to be fruitful and happy and go on the nest regularly every day without laying any eggs. Yours very respectfully, F. S. ROLFE, Santiago.—[The common gad fly makes its attacks late in the summer, and deposits its eggs on the hair of the horse, especially on that part of the horse which the animal can reach with his mouth. The horse licks them off. The eggs, or maggots rather, are transferred from the mouth to the stomach and bowels of the horse. These maggots become the worm known as the bot. To prevent the flies from depositing their eggs, cut the hair close to those parts of the body which the gad-fly selects, and keep the parts smeared with tar or turpentine oil in late summer. Internally give a handful of unbleached wood ashes once or twice a week. A mixture that will destroy vermin and keep away flies both on horses and other animals, is: Common carbolic acid, one ounce; whale or neats-foot oil, one quart; mix for outward use. The reason your hen is cheerful but does not lay is, that you have her too fat. The eggs of a fat hen, when she does lay, are apt to be not so fertile as one that is not fed too highly. Let her pick at old mortar or plaster, or give her oyster shells or burnt bones broken fine. Do not keep her too fat and she will be all right.—ED.]

W. A. C., Kansas—Your mule is troubled with indigestion. Examine the teeth and mouth and see if they are all right. Give him this cathartic: Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces, oil of aniseed, two drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. Mix and give at one draught. After it has operated, give him of bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. For one dose, twice daily for three days.—ED.

O. O. BIRCK, McLean, Ill.: We should be pleased to give you the points of the Plymouth Rock in the standard of excellence, but cannot do so. The work giving the standard of excellence is before us, but to give the information would be an infringement of the copyright, and by doing so would lay the BLADE open to prosecution. To give a description of an incubator cuts would be necessary. In mating, the blood of a variety of fowl whose characteristics are wanted may be obtained by mating a cock of the variety needed with hens of another. It is best to mate hens with cocks of a similar plumage, such as partridge, Cochin hens with brown Leghorn cock, or light Brahmas with light Leghorn cock. "Mating a one-year old cock with two-year-old hens," says Robert Coates, "has a tendency to throw a preponderance of pullets. The reverse holds equally as good, of mating cocks with females a year younger. Mating cockerels with pullets gives an excess of cockerels. Game cocks are excellent to mate with hens of a larger growth, to promote hardiness and vigor."—ED.]

IS IT INJURIOUS.—Will you please state in the BLADE if it is injurious to trim the runners of grapevines when the grapes are formed; if not, does it throw the sap into the grape.—W. H. BATLEY, New Lisbon, O. [The best time to do anything of this kind, we think, is not when the grapes are formed, although we believe fruit growers do not agree that it is injurious at other times. Prof. Maynard says in reference to summer pruning: "In order to force the growth into the canes that are to produce the fruit and the canes for renewal, summer pruning is resorted to. This consists in pinching out the end bud of the fruiting cane when it has reached two or three feet beyond the last bunch of fruit; and pinching back the renewal cane when it has reached the length required for the kind of support used."—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

INDIGESTION.—I saw an article in your valuable paper June 10 of a mare which will not fatten. I had a mare with symptoms the same. I treated her for indigestion. She is now gaining in flesh very fast. Please give this recipe to the public for indigestion:

Give three quarts of boiled rye three times a day. Give in the rye night and morning two drachms of sublimate of bismuth for five days, and still continue feeding rye. Sulphate iron, 3 ozs.; golden seal, 3 ozs.; poplar bark, 2 ozs., ginger, 2 ozs.; American columb, 2 ozs.; anise seed, 3 ozs. Each ingredient must be pulverized. Give one tablespoonful three times a day in feed. Give one-half the quantity while giving bismuth. When the bowels become regular feed bran or oats with the rye.—HENRY KINKAID, Garden City Kas.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS.—Will some of your kind readers please tell me if strawberries can be set out to good advantage after this crop is gathered, on ground that has just been broken up after laying in sod for a number of years? And will I get half a crop next year, if I set out a bed after this crop is gathered? Please give me a little information on the subject of strawberry culture, and I would like all the information I could get on asparagus culture. I would like to raise a bed. Please tell me when to set plants. Can I get plants from an old bed and set out and are the slim shoots that come up the plants or the thick snake like heads? Will it do to set asparagus on land just broken up? Please tell me all about its culture and very much oblige an old reader of the BLADE.

Will the editor tell me the symptoms of pink eye in horses, as we have a valuable horse that we think has it? Her eyes will seem to swell up and the eyeball, lower half, gets pink and she holds them shut most of the time and water runs from her eyes. We have three good horses that have gone blind within five years and don't care about having any more. Any information on the subject or a remedy will be thankfully received.—SUNSCRIBER. [The immediate cause of pink-eye is unknown. According to Tellor, the earliest symptoms are weakness shown in a staggering gait, hanging head and trembling, shivering as from cold, loss of appetite; watery discharge from the eyes and an occasional cough follows. The pulse is quickened and weak, from 50 to 60 in the minute, there is a short dry cough and the breathing is a little hurried. Later on the pulse rises to 80 or 90, the temperature to 104 deg. or 105 deg., and the breathing to 40 or 50 times per minute. The body is propped up by the extended legs and the horse is in distress. The bowels are locked, the renal canal is dry, the urine scanty. Often the disease extends to the throat and lungs, bringing in bronchitis and pneumonia as complications. The nose discharges a white, yellowish or greening matter. Sometimes rheumatic swellings and tenderness take place in the muscles of the shoulders and croup, and last for months, leading to abscesses and fistulæ. Death comes through weakness and exhaustion, suffocation, paralysis, or clots forming in the heart.

Treatment—If the bowels are costive, small injections of warm water and oil are in order. Tonics, diuretics and stimulants. The best is, carbonate of ammonia and gentian, two ounces. Make into eight balls with linseed meal, and give one night and morning. When the cough is distressing, mix the following and smear a spoonful on the tongue two or three times a day: Extract of belladonna, half an ounce; powdered opium, two drachms; powdered camphor, three drachms; powdered liquorice, two ounces; molasses, half a pint. When the worst is over, and if dropsy or swelling appears, make this into eight balls, and give one morning and evening: Iodide of potassium, carbonate of ammonia, powdered gentian, of each one ounce. Good nursing is indispensable. For weeks afterward the horse must not be worked.—ED.]

Seasonable Items.

EDITOR FARM:—The items following, will be found of interest:

SORE SHOULDERS.—Horses' shoulders sore and galled indicate gross neglect. With well-fitting collars, not too loose, and snug-fitting harness, which bring the draft squarely on the shoulders; clean, solid, hard leather-lined collars, with no woolen about them, and with tug-hooks properly placed, there will be no necessity for hurting the skin by using oak bark decoctions or brine. The shoulders need washing with cold water and soap every evening—that is all.

ANTS.—Kerosene put on their hills, runs on timber crossed, will prove effectual against ants; some will stand two applications, but I have found none wait for a third. They go—where, I do not know.

TOADS.—The old-fashioned belief that "the toad carries a jewel in its head" was founded on fact. The jewel is its tongue. Hopping quietly along the rows of vegetables in the garden, every hop numbers one insect caught like a flash; picked up by the adhesive tongue from the ground or plant. Thus it passes the night and retires early in the morning with a well-filled stomach to rest in the damp, cool soil, under some sheltering bush or plant. It is not particular as to its diet; will as soon fill up with malodorous squash-bugs as with flies and slugs. It is a pity it cannot fly; but it works at night when so many insects are hiding in the soil or under low-lying leaves. French gardners readily pay 50 cents a dozen for toads, and so would well we only realized their value.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

A Fine Climate and Good Farming Lands.

EDITOR FARM.—As I have seen different enquiries in the BLADE in reference to the South, I thought perhaps a description of this part of the South would be of interes to some of your readers. I will speak expressly of Pulaski county, and more especially of that part of around Science Hill. Science Hill is situated on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, 150 south of Cincinnati. This is one of the finest climates I ever saw. We have none of the cold bleak weather of the North, nor the extreme hot weather of the South—a kind of compromise between the two extremes. We have no malarial diseases here. We have the finest of water. There is a good living spring on almost every farm. The water is generally soft, and we have fine timber in abundance. The only objection anyone could have against this country is, that a great many of the farms are run down by bad farming; but clover does well here, consequently the land is easily recruited. The soil and lands does well here. There is quite a number of northern men here in the fruit business. I have out on my farm 900 peach trees doing splendidly. Land sells from $8 to $25 per acre, according to location and quality of soil. If any of your readers wishes to know more definitely about this country write me, enclosing stamp.—J. C. MILLER.

Estimated Yield of Wheat, Corn, Oats, Barley and Rye.

NEW YORK, July 10—Following is a summary of the *Rural New Yorker's* annual crop report:

From over 4,000 crop reports from all parts of the country, the *Rural New Yorker* concludes that the winter wheat crop is upon the whole good, the probable yield being 295,000,000 bushels, against 212,000,000 in in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage. Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight; the yield will probably be 140,000,000 bushels, against 143,000,000 last year. The total wheat crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 bushels last year.

In oats there has been a slight increase in acreage; the crop has been considerably injured by drought and insect pests, and will probably yield 600,000,000 bushels, against 629,000,000 bushels in 1885.

Of rye and barley there will be excellent crops, on a slightly increased area.

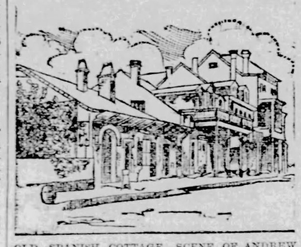
There is a good stand of corn, and the outlook is excellent for a fine crop.

Of early potatoes the crop will be heavy, and the late potatoes are promising, especially in the West.

A CURIOUS OLD TOWN.

New Orleans Seen by a Stranger—Some Peculiar Features of Life Among the Creoles and in the Colored Quarter—Historical Relics and Incidents.

One of the greatest failings of the United States in the eyes of the European traveler is the absence of everything that reminds one of the past. Fresh from the ancient cities of the Old World he complains that everything is almost painfully new; that all the cities are built after the same stereotyped model, and that there is not enough of tradition or romance about their history to make it of interest to the student. All his life he has been surrounded with ruins and antiquities that speak mutely of the past, and he does not take kindly to the busy and original life of America, so different from the storied monuments of Europe. But there is at least one city that will satisfy his cravings for the things that have been, and a tour of America is incomplete without a visit to it.



OLD SPANISH COTTAGE, SCENE OF ANDREW JACKSON'S TRIAL.

One hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi and partly on the banks of Lake Ponchartrain he will find New Orleans, a French, Spanish, American, Creole city. The French portion is nearly half; the Spanish is small, and the rest is American, German and Creole. You can walk four miles in New Orleans in a thoroughly American city; then you cross a wide street and find yourself in a thoroughly French one, in buildings, manners, customs and speech. Convents, churches, cafes, theatres and shops are all French. It is as if only the width of a street divided New York from Paris, or as if one could with a hop, skip and a jump step out of Philadelphia into the French Capital. And what a place it was to build a city. There is hardly more than a mile between the swamp and the river, and the highest point of land in the city is the levee which is in some places twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the street. In this peculiarity it resembles the cities of Holland for it partakes in some way of the character of almost every country.

The city, with all its massive buildings, rests upon a plane of soft alluvium of unknown depth. Dig a hole two feet deep, and it immediately fills with water. Drive down a pump, and the farther it goes the easier it can be driven, until it sinks down by its own weight and disappears. Of course there are no cellars. The cisterns are all above ground, and the very graves are built above the surface. They are tombs of masonry, generally brick, covered with stucco, but often faced with marble, and the coffin is placed in the end. The remains of mortality are sealed up. Flowers bloom around, and in the French cemeteries there are garlands and crosses of immortelles, and on Sundays and festivals, groups of mourners wander among the pretty and tasteful tombs. Speaking of Sunday, it is kept in a fashion like no other American city. Before the war it was invaded by so many Americans the day was kept in true Continental style—as a religious holiday.

THE OLD SPANISH CABILDO.

The Creoles have not changed their old custom to any considerable extent. They go to mass and also go to market, which on Sunday morning is more crowded, more noisy and fuller of Creole and negro quality than any other day in the week. There are also military parades on Sunday morning and the theaters are kept open in the evening, as in Paris. When Americans first commenced going to New Orleans they were shocked at the desecration of the Sabbath, but they did not fail to imitate and even exceed it. The American belle of the city is now far noisier on Sunday than the French. We go to extremes in everything, and when the Sabbath was once broken it was broken into very small pieces.

Upon landing from the steamer, if you reach the city by that means, you pass first through what is known as the old Town. This is the original side of the city and it stands to-day the choicest strong-hold of those habits so strange and so little known that make New Orleans a city unlike all others. French town lies almost within the quadrilateral formed by the four great streets that were originally lines of defense from savage and from foreign attack; and Canal street, the great thoroughfare of the city, is to-day a well-recognized boundary between the French and American cities. In this quarter the houses are dingy and weather-beaten and make a quaint and picturesque picture. Many of them jut out with overhanging balconies, and through the high arched windows you can catch a glimpse of rough paved rectangular courts.

The greater number of these old houses date from the days of French and Spanish possession and the whole atmosphere of the quarter has a thoroughly foreign effect. There is nothing in the appearance of the place, nor of the people you meet, to relieve the feeling that you have suddenly dropped in some very old French or Italian town. Clattering over rough paved streets, you come suddenly upon the French Market, a fixed institution of New Orleans—an institution that war, pestilence, progress, nor not even the old Father Time himself has been powerful enough to change. Here at one glimpse you have some of the most singular features of this most singular city.

HOUSE WHERE LOUIS PHILIPPE STOPPED IN 1798.

A bright and busy scene is this market thronged with French creoles, half-breeds, mulattoes, Americans and negroes, in one ever-moving mass, vocal with Spanish expletives and Mexican *Patois*, French exclamations and loud voiced Americans; bright with gaudy bandannas tied around the heads of rotund and grinning negresses, in a strange and graceful turban, or crossed over their ample busts. Every one is busy with chaffering and cheapening. Shrill accents of satisfaction and dull grunts of dissent greet the ear, and over all the quick clicking sound of "gumbo French," that nondescript tongue of the French mulatto of the coast. Nowhere in the whole South does the negro show so markedly his distinctive traits as in this French Market. Scarce in any other place can you see the peculiar turban of the woman, a souvenir of the old days of slavery and discarded by the younger growth of the fifteenth amendment.

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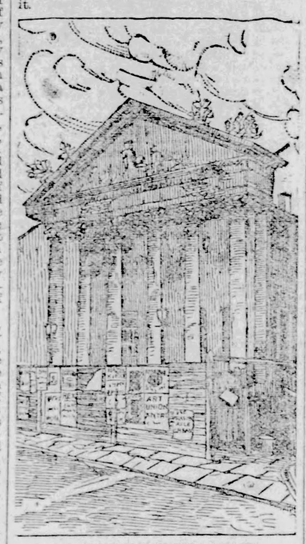
Emerging into Canal street we change at a step into the full moving life of an American city. The street itself is a beautiful one, splendidly built up with modern stores and having a width that is unknown in this country outside of the National Capital. This street is to the Crescent City what Broadway is to New York, or Pennsylvania avenue is to Washington. Here the languid Creole beauty, the bashful country girl from the "provinces," the confident belle of uptown, and the hotel stranger meet on neutral ground for that great purpose that makes every female heart throb the faster—shopping, and that other more far-reaching and powerful—showing their toilets. Every bright day the broad street is thronged with ladies and men of every age and color.

No women in America dress better than the Creoles, and all New Orleans dresses like the Creoles. In other cities there is perhaps greater riches, but the great majority of ladies wear what they do, because some one else wears it, while the Creole, knowing that what would look well on other people does not suit them, uses that careful and perfect adaptability of color and cut to complexion and to form, and alone insures a perfect ensemble. At night this throng goes drifting to the theatres; which are of the very highest class. You find them everywhere, jumbled against churches in the midst of the fashionable quarter, in the poorest of the poor quarter. The population are much like that of Paris in this respect. Every one goes to the opera and every one can talk intelligently about the play. They look upon the bright side continually, and there is nothing gloomy about this insouciant, elastic city. The stranger is apt to catch this infection and look only at the gayer pictures and the picturesque and unique points of the venerable and varied old town. When he starts to investigate the business of the city he will find it much like those around it.



OLD BANK IN TOULOUSE STREET.

The oft quoted ante-bellum phrase "Cotton is king" is as true, and truer, to-day than it was before the war. You see it everywhere piled in great stacks on the wharf, in the huge warehouses and in the busy rattling mills. The trade furnishes to the town a large share of its picturesque vivacity and the sinews of its business life. It stamps a town that would otherwise resemble some decayed but still luxurious European center, with a commercial aspect. The drift of the Mississippi nourishes the community. Each ripple of the current brings money to the banker and merchant. Americans, Creoles and Frenchmen are alike interested in the growth of the crop throughout all the great section drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. All rush eagerly every day to the Exchange, to read the statements of sales, and rates, and bales on hand, and wonder is intensely excited when there is a large arrival of bales from an unexpected quarter, or when the telegraph flashes to them the intelligence that some packet has sunk with so many hundred bales on board, while rolling along the currents of the adjacent streams.

During certain hours of the day, in the American quarter, cotton is the only subject spoken of; the pavements of all the principal avenues in the vicinity of the Exchange are crowded with speculators of all nationalities, who eagerly discuss crops and values and seem to have a perfect mania for preparing and comparing the estates which are at the basis of all dealings in the chief staple. The planter, the factor, the speculator, all for the time being worshiped at the shrine of the god Cotton. But no matter how practical one is and how interested in the subject, one tires of the sight. Turning to the wharves and storehouses, the negroes who handle the crop make a peculiar and picturesque sight to the unaccustomed stranger. Hundreds of them swarm about the ships and form another of the innumerable pictures that can only be seen in the Crescent City. When the whistle blows for dinner, they sink down in the cotton bales and chatter and chaffer in the quaint broken colored English, that is so characteristic of the river land.

They are clad in rags that hang in most provoking fragments from their tawny and coal black limbs, and they make a strange contrast as they lay in the broiling sun in the snow white cotton, crooning chants half to themselves or cracking rough and good natured jokes with another. This negro is always good humored, even when he grumbles to his mulatto wife, and he proves his work with a kind of concentrated effort that does wonders in the way of moving the heavy bales, but as soon as the task is done he relapses into his favorite condition of slouch. The sharp voices of the skippers, the harsh orders of the masters of gangs and the cheery and mirth provoking responses of the roustabouts in the quarter has a thoroughly foreign effect. There is nothing in the appearance of the place, nor of the people you meet, to relieve the feeling that you have suddenly dropped in some very old French or Italian town. Clattering over rough paved streets, you come suddenly upon the French Market, a fixed institution of New Orleans—an institution that war, pestilence, progress, nor not even the old Father Time himself has been powerful enough to change. Here at one glimpse you have some of the most singular features of this most singular city.

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ON THE WHARF.

But we will have to visit some of the old ruins before we bid adieu to the old city. The old Spanish Prison is one of the most interesting of these, and I explored it from its wide massive-beamed and gallerried chambers to it's nether-most regions. Horrible holes in solid masonry are they, that still seemed to be reeking with the blood, and echoing with the sighs and groans of beings who were cast into them to starve and rot during the years of Spanish rule. What a tale the old walls could tell if they had the gift of speech; many a dark plot would be revealed that will never know the light of history. It was in this old prison that the transfers of the Province from one country to another were made, and some of the most distinguished of the early colonists were imprisoned in the rusty old cells.

Looking for the Archiepiscopal Palace, I made my way to a sort of lodge house in the centre of a high wooden enclosure, giving entrance to a garden at the rear of which stood a rickety old building, quite suggestive of conventual seclusion. Getting entrance, it was easy to believe that here dwelt a brotherhood truly wedded to perpetual poverty, since the layman who admitted me was in as bad a state of repair and decrepitude as were the buildings. Assuring me that there was nothing to see, this guide and philosopher conducted me through the main hallway, revealing at the rear, another garden, a lovely spot, "far from the madding crowd," and from this vantage ground pointed out the Bishop's residence on one side and the Ursulines' Convent on the other. I had entered these pious shades through a sort of charter house, and now I gazed upon the Palace, for such it is called.

Let it no longer be said that America is destitute of storied ruins done in tone. Surely no land could show a wreck like this, that still would be found equal to the sheltering of saint or sinner, nor a more demoralized pile claiming so grand a name. You can still see Congo Square, the old slave Mart, but nothing remains to mark the spot. The four whipping posts to which the unruly slaves were made fast by hands and feet are gone, and no one seems more glad than the Louisianians. Slavery had strong root in the state, and the Emancipation of the blacks was a hard blow at the time, but the people with the vivacity of the typical Frenchman are fast recovering and the Queen City of the South is far richer to-day than she ever was in ante-bellum days. A strange city this, a city of contradictions, a place of magnificent buildings and tumble down shanties, of refinement and ignorance going hand in hand, of mingled energy and laziness.

News of the Week.

OF INTEREST TO DOCTORS.

A Case of Lock-Jaw Cured by the Use of Morphine and Liquor.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Dr. Robert Taylor, formerly associated with Dr. L. A. Sagre, of this city, reports the cure of a case of traumatic tetanus, or lock-jaw, resultant from a wound, which is, it is said, the only instance in which a fatal conclusion to such an attack has been averted.

On May 1 Miss Ellie Masterton, daughter of Mr. Robert M. Masterton, a retired New York merchant, residing at Bronxville, had the bones of the toe and instep of the right foot crushed. Dr. Taylor dressed the wound, removing a number of pieces of bone, and trimmed off the little toe, which could not be saved. Recognizing the extreme probability of lock-jaw, he put the patient under the influence of morphine. He began by giving her sixty drops of Majendie's solution of the sulphate of morphia (one quarter of a grain to the drachm) at each dose, three doses a day. This he increased gradually until it was doubled, and during the worst period of her suffering that amount even was exceeded enough to keep her in a stupified condition all the time. Twice a day her wound was dressed with balsam of Peru and oakum, and the bandage pressure was carefully regulated and constantly watched to prevent the matter burrowing.

It healed admirably, showing a healthy tendency from the first. But eight days after the injury the first symtoms of lock-jaw appeared—severe and increasing pains in the neck, followed by a rigidity of the face, followed by violent twitching in the muscles of the face and limbs. The pain in the sides of the face became so great that it could hardly be allayed, even by the enormous doses of morphine given. In four days after the first symtoms developed the tetanus was fully established. The girl's jaws were tightly locked together, the muscles of the right leg, arm, and side twitched convulsively, and the body was bent like a bow, resting upon the head and heels.

These violent symptoms lasted nine days. During that time, in addition to the morphine, large quantities of rye whisky, brandy, champagne, sherry, egg-nog, milk punch, and other stimulants were given to her. The loss of a tooth permitted their introduction into the mouth through a gutta percha tube, and the first indication of recovery appeared in the cessation of the twitching of the muscles, and then the opening of the mouth far enough to permit the passing of a knife blade between the teeth. From that point the progress of recovery was rapid, until now the foot is well and the lock-jaw has disappeared.

RACE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

Colored Knights of Labor Threaten to Burn and Kill—Whites Arming and Organizing.

LITTLE ROCK, July 12.—It was supposed that the trouble at the Tate plantation had ended, and that the striking negro Knights of Labor had become pacified and would return to work, their master workman having so advised. Just the reverse, however, seems now to be the condition of affairs. It is believed that this county is on the verge of one of the bloodiest race conflicts that has occurred since the war.

Intelligence has arrived from the neighborhood of the late trouble that the striking negroes, reinforced by many sympathizers from the surrounding farms and plantations, numbering fully one thousand in all, have made complete preparations for a general uprising sometime to-day or to-morrow—that, fully armed, they will attempt to redress their wrongs and grievances, directing their attention first to Sheriff Werthen, who recently subdued the strikers.

They will next advance upon the farms of Morey and Fox, with the intention of burning their crops, barns and houses. Others, who have incurred their enmity, will be visited and treated in a like manner.

The negroes have been openly buying arms and ammunition within the past few days, and they state that if they are opposed in their campaign of revenge, they will be freely used.

Sheriff Worthen called a public meeting last night and stated these facts, at the same time requesting those who were willing to join his posse to hand him their names. About one hundred men responded to his call, and were sworn in as special deputies. At the first intimation of an outbreak among the blacks the posse will proceed to the scene of trouble, and attempt to quell the disturbance; and bloodshed will doubtless follow.

The governor has been called upon to order out the militia, but he refuses to do so until some actual trouble shall have occurred. Some of the farmers in the vicinity of the Tate plantation have prepared to resist the negroes, while others have removed their families and valuables to places of safety. The developments of to-day are anxiously waited.

THE SILVER PROBLEM.

An Important Discussion in London—The Remonetization of Silver Demanded.

LONDON, July 14.—An important meeting of the British and colonial chambers of commerce was held to-day, at which there was an animated discussion of the silver question and its bearings upon the commerce of India, Australia and Great Britain. Mr. Henry H. Gibbs, ex-governor of the Bank of England, opened the proceedings by a strong speech, showing the world-wide importance of restoring the monetary value of silver.

Sir Robert N. Fowler, M. P., the London banker, and ex-Lord Mayor, opposed the idea in a speech which was in complete variance with that of Mr. Gibbs, and was followed by two Indian members. Both of these contended that the effect of the depreciation of silver must be finally the ruin of the wheat and cotton industries of America and the development of India as the chief wheat and cotton exporter of the world. They therefore protested against England's aiding America to restore the value of silver at the expense of the interests of India.

Mr. Paul F. Tilden, an East India merchant, argued that England had other interests besides those of India which stood sorely in need of the restoration of silver, and trusted that Mr. Gibbs's idea would be adopted by the meeting.

Mr. Crump, of the London *Times*, denounced the agitation of the siver question as the work of the silver miners of Nevada and their allies, the Washington ring.

Mr. Moreton Frewen pulverized Mr. Crump in a strong speech in behalf of the farmers in the west and the planters in the south of America, and a resolution was passed by a vote of 28 to 15, amid great excitement, declaring that the remonetization of silver would relieve the depression under which trade is now staggering. The meeting is regarded as highly important, and its influence upon the coming silver demonstration in Lancashire must necessarily be very strong.

Miss Cleveland and the Chicago Publisher.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Everything is not running smoothly with Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's latest move in journalism. She is under contract to take editorial management of *Literary Life* in Chicago. Mr. Elder, the business manager of the paper, wishes to insert the name of Miss Cleveland in the title page, but to-day he received a literary missive from her couched in the following terms:

"By all means leave my name entirely off the front cover. Let it appear nowhere, on the cover or anywhere else. You will not do so, for you know that we discussed this point in our interview, and this must be final."

Miss Cleveland also demands that no advertisements shall be inserted in the magazine until they shall first have been submitted and approved by her, and that not a line shall appear until she shall have passed judgment upon its literary merit.

Natural Gas Has Thrown 5,000 Men Out of Work.

PITTSBURG, July 10.—The use of natural gas in the manufactories of this city has done away with the consumption of 189,800 bushels of coal a day. In 250 working days, which is considered a year by manufacturers, the whole amount of coal displaced would run up to 47,450,000 bushels. Calculating 100 bushels to be an average day's out-put for a coal miner, it would take 1,600 coal miners to dig this coal, but altogether the use of natural gas has thrown about 5,000 men out of work in this region. It required the use of 633 railroad cars to transport the black diamonds. Each of these, 30 feet in length, would make a string 18,890 feet, or a distance of more than three miles long.

OVER ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

Frightful Volcanic Eruption in New Zealand—Nothing but a Mass of Flames —Numerous Villages Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—The steamer Alameda, which arrived to-day from Australia, brings particulars of the fearful volcanic eruption in New Zealand last Monday, and which are among the most destructive in the world's history. The first reports of the volcanic disturbances came from Tauraogma, in the Auckland Lake district. The natives of that village were sharply awakened from their sleep at 2 o'clock in the morning by the repeated vivid flashes of lightning which continued at rapid intervals up to 4 o'clock a. m., when a tremendous earthquake occurred, followed quickly by others.

The shocks were so violent that people jum

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Review of the Week in Congress—More Pension Vetoes by the President General Washington News of All Kinds.

So little progress was made by Congress last week that the major part of the forenoon of that is applicable for this week. The House finished the general deficiency appropriation bill and referred to the committee on invalid pensions the President's vetoes of private pension bills, thus doing away with them for the present at least, but the Senate is at work on the river and harbor bill and will likely be occupied with it two or three days longer. The work in both branches of Congress was delayed so greatly that the prospects for adjournment are not so bright for an early day as they were a week ago. Speaker Carlisle and Chairman Allison, of the Senate committee on appropriation, the best sources of information in the two Houses, agree now that adjournment is out of the question before Monday the 26th inst., while many members and Senators believe that adjournment will be near the 1st proximo.

In the House, matters pertaining to the District of Columbia will be discussed, the bill granting a charter and right of way for a traction street railroad, taking precedence. Then the first resolution of Mr. Morrison, providing that all the surplus now in the treasury, and which may accumulate from time to time in excess of $100,000,000 shall be applied to the liquidation of the interest-bearing debt of the United States, will be taken up. As this contemplates the redemption of an enormous amount of bonds, and the coinage of an equal amount of standard silver dollars, it, therefore, an important financial proposition.

It may consume several days' time. When the question is disposed of, the fortifications, the last of the appropriation bills not passed by the House, is to be adopted. As it is short and small, it will not occupy a great deal of time. Then will come the Senate amendments to the legislative bill, the Northern Pacific and other land grant bills.

During the week the Senate will have another long session of secret work. It will resume consideration of the river and harbor bill. Sen. McMillan, who has it in charge, expresses a hope that it may be passed, but no attempt will be made to cut short the debate upon it. He admits the possibility that the Mississippi river feature (not yet reached) may keep the measure before the Senate two or three days. There is an understanding that the Naval Appropriation bill and the Oleomargarine bill shall follow the River and Harbor Bill, and then comes the Sundry Civil bill. The Sundry Civil bill will probably be reported to the Senate early in the week, but will hardly be called up until next week. The executive calendar has sixty or seventy "unobjected" cases, and nearly a dozen which are reported adversely. It is proposed to devote an early day to their consideration, as they have not yet been fixed. The land grant adjustment bill, or any of the various land forfeiture bills may come up at any time that opportunity offers.

The Railway Attorney Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The railroad attorney bill as reported to-day by Mr. Hoar, from the judiciary committee, makes it unlawful for a member of either house of Congress to accept employment as attorney or payment for services of any kind in opposition to the United States in any case to which the United States may be a party, or in which its interests may be concerned, or from or against any railroad company which obtained its charter or any grant of lands or pecuniary aid from the United States; or from or against any corporation engaged in inter-state commerce by land or water in the transportation of mails, or from or against any corporation, company, firm, or person, or of, from or against any trust or combination in the production, manufacture or sale, or importation of any article upon which a duty or excise tax is levied by act of Congress.

Violation of the provisions of the act is made a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding $5000, or both. The last clause in the bill which Mr. Hoar makes it unlawful and punishable by a fine not exceeding $5000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, for any member of either House of Congress to accept employment for services of any kind in opposition to the United States in any case to which the United States may be a party, or in which its interests may be concerned, or from any railroad company which obtained its charter or any grant of lands or pecuniary aid from the United States, if such member shall have reasonable cause to believe that measures specially affecting the interests of railroads are pending before Congress or are about to be pending during his term of office.

Mr. Coke, on behalf of a minority, consisting of Senators Wilson, of Iowa, Vest, George and himself, reported back the original bill.

The Mexican Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The Mexican pension bill, as passed yesterday, directs the secretary of the interior to place on the pension rolls the names of the surviving officers and enlisted men (including marines, militia and volunteers), who, before duly enlisted, actual served 60 days with the army or navy of the United States in Mexico, or on coasts or frontier thereof, or en route thereto, in the war with that nation; or who were actually engaged in a battle in said war, and who were honorably discharged, or their surviving widows, providing that such widows have not remarried, and provided that every such officer, enlisted man or widow, who is or may become subject to any disability or dependency equivalent to some cause recognized by the pension laws for the allowance of a pension, shall be entitled to the benefits of the act, except where such disability or dependency was incurred in aiding or abetting the late rebellion.

The pensions are to be $8 a month, payable only after the passage of the act. The law is not to apply to persons receiving pensions at or over that rate, and those persons entitled under this law are already receiving pensions less than $8 a month the pension shall only be for the difference up to $8.

Thompson is in Favor of Civil Service Reform.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—Gov. Thompson, the newly appointed assistant secretary of the treasury, when asked his views on the civil service reform question, said:

"I am heartily in sympathy with the stand the President has taken on the matter. I don't think there is anything more to be said than that. I had a very good idea of the duties of this office, and I think if I could either assist or obstruct the President in his policy, I did not come here to obstruct him. I have always been in favor of civil service reform, and I have done my best to enforce it in South Carolina during the last four years, and I have done so sometimes in the face of strong opposition."

Cleveland Hedging on the Veto Business.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—It is evident that the President is disposed to "hedge" on the veto business. He has given orders to Commissioner Black to reopen the case of Carter W. Tiller, whose bill he vetoed the other day, and the bill for which came near passing the House over his head, but was postponed for what are now obvious reasons, to see if there is any way by which the claim can be allowed. The President is anxious to get rid of the matter. The claim in the case, it will be remembered, was for a pension to a dependent father of a dead soldier. The President averred as a reason for vetoing the bill that the soldier was a deserter. Subsequent examination of the Confederate record in the office of the Adjutant General showed that at the time he was alleged to be a deserter he was confined in Andersonville prison, where he died. This is an evidence of the hasty and inconsiderate manner in which many of these vetoes are prepared. There are many others which will return to plague the President as badly.

A Gorgeous Invitation.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The California Congressional delegation, headed by Sen. Stanford, waited on the President yester day, and presented an invitation for him to attend the G. A. R. encampment at San Francisco, next month. The invitation is encased in a handsome blue velvet box, and the text is engraved on a solid silver plate, four by six inches. The invitation is also accompanied by a solid gold G. A. R. badge, which is to be worn by the President in case he attends the encampment. The whole is enclosed in a box made of sandal-wood, and is sent by the "Citizens of San Francisco." The President expressed his high appreciation of the invitation, but said he did not think he would be able to attend.

The Whisky Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The Senate committee on Finance will, as soon as a report on the subject can be prepared, propose several amendments to the factional whisky bill, already on the Senate calendar. This will embody substantially the legislation asked for by the victualers' association, with the exception of the provisions relating to the adulteration of wines. They will confer the privilege of fortifying sweet wines with grape brandy, free of tax; of fortifying wines for export, when alongside of the out-going vessel, and of warehousing for three years all kinds of fruit brandies.

Payne's Case in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The Chair laid before the Senate the resolutions of the convention of Republican editors of Ohio, urging an investigation of the charges as to the election of Sen. Payne, and two other memorials on the same subject. Referred to the committee on Privileges and Elections.

Capital Cullings.

The President has signed the bill giving a pension of $40 per month to Mrs. Mary Howard Farquhar of Detroit.

The Senate on motion of Mr. Conger has amended the river and harbor bill by inserting $5,000 for deepening the channel of Saginaw river in front of West Bay City.

Duncan C. Ross, the wrestler, was arrested here for a felonious assault on Sergt. Walsh in a mounted sword contest. Ross was jealous of the applause which his competitor received and rushed upon him savagely, cutting him. Walsh was knocked senseless, but recovered consciousness, when it was found he was not seriously injured.

OVER THE FALLS IN A BARREL.

What a Poor Cooper Did for Glory—Successful Voyage Over the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara.

BUFFALO, July 11.—Very few of the thousands of persons who visited Niagara Falls to-day had any idea that another adventurous man would attempt to swim the whirlpool rapids, in which Capt. Webb lost his life. For some time past C. D. Graham has been making preparations for the attempt, but few persons really believed that his courage would hold out long enough for him to make it. Such, however, was not the case, and about 1 o'clock this afternoon Graham started on his perilous voyage, which he successfully accomplished. Graham had told a reporter all about his plans, and stated he would carry them out at the time he did, but requested that the time be not given in publishing the article for fear that the authorities would prevent him in his purpose. Accordingly very few were among the spectators.

Graham left his boarding house, in which he intended to make his trip, in a saloon in this city. About 11 o'clock last night he loaded it on a wagon, and, accompanied by several friends, started for the falls. They arrived there about 3 o'clock this morning and unloaded the cask at a point on the American side of the river below the falls and about 300 rods above the Cantilever bridge. A policeman arrested him on suspicion of being a Tonawonda horse thief, but his Buffalo friends secured his release on bail.

When everything was ready, Graham got into the barrel and closed the man hole at the top. At this point of the river the current is very slight. A small boat towed the cask out into the river to a point where the current would catch it, and Graham was started on what might have turned out to be his trip to eternity.

The towing process took only a few minutes and then the stream caught the cask and started the whirlpool.

At first it moved slowly down, then faster and faster until the mad current dashed it on with its full force. The cask bounded up and down over the great waves and several times turned a complete somersault, but the wider portion remained uppermost although it turned round like a top. The cask kept pretty well in the center of the river until it reached the whirlpool, when it struck a strong side current and was carried swiftly through, reaching the waters beyond in safety.

From here the journey was comparatively quiet. The cask was picked up at Lewiston, about seven miles below the starting point, and Graham crawled out of the barrel, with only a slight bruise on his arm.

He remarked: "When I struck the eddies it was one continued round of jerks, but I am not hurt a bit."

Graham is a native of Philadelphia, 33 years old, and a cooper by trade. He is a poor man and did this thing for glory.

BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Negro Miners Driven Out by White Strikers—Riot and Bloodshed Threatened.

ST. LOUIS, July 13.—A force of 35 deputy sheriffs constantly guard the mines at Grape Creek, Ill. A large number of plantation negroes were brought from Kentucky last week to take the strikers' places, and remained at work unmolested until yesterday, when the white miners to the number of 200, armed with rifles, shotguns, revolvers and clubs, marched in a body to the mines and demanded of the negroes that they return whence they came. After an extended parley, during which the strikers' spokesman pulled his valled, the colored men marched to Danville, some miles distant, where they will consider carefully the advisability of continuing at work. In the meantime, the mines are idle and the strikers jubilant.

Should the negroes decide to return and fulfill their contracts with the operators, riot and bloodshed will undoubtedly ensue. The mining company have ejected from their houses all of the strikers and their families, numbering in all 1,000 men, women and children. Those who have no money to supply their simplest wants have moved into the woods and built rude huts, while the more fortunate ones have gone to Danville, where they are compelled to live in tents and are subsisted by the charity of the unions scarcely prevents starvation.

Death of Richard Ely Colt, the Handsomest Man in America.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Richard Ely Colt died of apoplexy at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Miller, in this city, on Sunday, in his 85th year. He was a son of Richard Ely Colt, and was born in Pittsfield, Mass., where his ancestors for many generations had lived. His grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary army. His father was a cousin of Col. Samuel Colt, the inventor of Colt's revolver. While a boy, Richard Ely Colt made his way to Rochester, where his family owned vast tracts of land, which had been granted to his grandfather. When the Erie canal was opened, he was among the first to own a canal boat, which he navigated through the canal for a number of years. About the year 1829 he went to Detroit, and soon became the owner of a number of vessels, and engaged in the lake trade. Later he took up his residence in Blake River, Canada, and later still removed to Sandusky, where he became interested in the business of packing pork and beef.

At the time of Dickens first visit to this country Mr. Colt was the landlord of the Exchange hotel at Sandusky. The great novelist was his guest for a time, and in his "American Notes" referred to his host as the handsomest man he had seen in America. Afterward Mr. Colt became the proprietor of the Townsend house in Sandusky, which he conducted until it was burned early in the war.

A Pinkerton Man Too Handy with His Ride.

CHICAGO, July 13.—A serious affray occurred last evening at the Forty-third street crossing of the Lake Shore road. Several Pinkerton men were preparing to leave the city, when Louis Schoove came along, and seeing a rifle standing against a shanty, stopped and remarked that it looked as if it had come from a pawnshop. As he spoke a Pinkerton deputy seized it, and remained at work unmolested until and started to chase Schoove. The latter took refuge in an ice-house. As he disappeared the deputy fired at him. The bullet took effect in the back of Schoove's head, and ranging upward, inflicted a serious wound. The deputy then tried to strike him with the rifle, but only succeeded in breaking his gun-stock. Schoove then jumped through a window and escaped.

The Pinkerton men refused to tell the name of the man who fired the shot even to the Lake police, who failed to connect anybody with the affair.

A Red-Hot Sensation.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 10.—Considerable of a stir was created in social circles here when it was learned that suit had been filed in the Circuit court by Miss Mabel Combs against Charles S. Warner, secretary and treasurer of the Lafayette Savings Bank, for seduction, alleged to have been committed in November, 1884. Miss Combs demands $10,000 damages. Warner is a man of family and a grandfather, and a prominent member of the Second Presbyterian church. He has heretofore stood high in the esteem of our people, and his reputation was unquestionable reputation. Miss Combs comes from worthy and respectable parents, who reside west of town. It is alleged that he has already paid Miss Combs $5,000 to leave the city, but this she failed to do. It is believed the trial will expose some rich developments and cause trouble among other prominent church members.

Cotton Mills Shut Down.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 13.—The Lonsdale company's cotton mill at Ashton shut down yesterday in consequence of the strike of 25 spinners, locking out 500 employes. The trouble arose over insufficient pay and the discharge of the overseer for incompetency.

The strike at Knight's cotton mills at Natick extended from the 175 weavers to 60 other hands yesterday.

PENSION VETOES.

A Test Case Before the House—The Veto Virtually Sustained.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Immediately after the reading of the journal, the Speaker announced that the regular order was the vote on the demand for the previous question on the motion to refer to the committee on invalid pensions the message of the President, vetoing the bill granting a pension to Sally Ann Bradly.

Amid a great deal of confusion, Burrows, of Michigan, on the part of the Republicans, and Matson, of Indiana, representing the Democrats, endeavored to come to some arrangement to prevent the time being frittered away with roll calls.

It was finally agreed that the demand for the previous question should be withdrawn, and that Grosvenor, of Ohio, should be allowed fifteen minutes to oppose the motion to refer, with permission to the Democrat to reply, if so desired.

Grosvenor said that he desired to heap no recrimination or condemnation upon the President for his veto messages. They were caused by a total misapprehension on the part of the President of his relation to the administration of the government. He (Grosvenor) had read all the vetoes coming from that prolific source of vetoes, and he thought the trouble was that the President understood it was his duty to examine carefully every act of Congress, and if he as a member of Congress would not for vote the bill, he gave no sort of consideration of weight to the fact that the legislative branch of the government had acted affirmatively upon it.

The President acted upon the idea that the Executive had a right, and it was his duty, to decide absolutely on every question. Another idea of the President was that no private act should be approved unless there was a law authorizing it, wholly oblivious to the fact that Congress was the law-making power, and had a right to confer a pension on anybody.

Grosvenor then detailed the facts of the special bill under consideration, and commented on the fact, as he asserted, that the President had approved the Fitz John Porter bill on the very day that he had vetoed the bill granting a pension to Sally Ann Bradley, the mother of four sons, two of whom had died on the battlefield, and two of whom were in the hospital disabled. Fitz John Porter would go on the pension roll, while Sally Ann Bradley would go to the poor-house, and this was the government which undertook to say that it was dealing generously and liberally with its soldiers.

The House was shocked and terrified by the veto of a single man—a proposition tyrannical, in the direction of absolute usurpation—in the direction of turning over to the control of the Congress of the United States and turning over the administration of the generosity of the government to one man. [Applause on the Republican side.]

Matson merely remarked, in reply, that he had just learned that in the Forty-seventh Congress a Republican committee of the Senate had reported that the woman ought not to be pensioned, for the same reasons the President said he thought she ought not to be pensioned. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. Long, of Massachusetts suggested that at that time the woman had a husband living who was in receipt of a pension.

The bill and message were then referred —yeas, 122; nays, 111.

In the Senate, Sewell, from the committee on pensions, presented the report in the case of the vetoed bill granting a pension to Margaret D. Marchand, widow of Commodore Marchand. The committee repeats its former report in the case, and recommends passage of the bill over the President's objection. Referred.

SPECIAL PENSION BILLS.

Pres. Cleveland's Vetoes and the Case of Gen. Black.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The greatest indignation is felt here over the way the President has vetoed pension and other bills. Democrats themselves are disposed to say that a halt should be called, but they are afraid to beard the lion in his den. At first dispassionate people were inclined to think that the bills were all right, and worthy bills, but the more the matter is looked into, the plainer it becomes that the President has, in certainly a majority of the cases which have come before Congress, committed not only a great wrong, but has done injustice to poor citizens who can ill afford to withstand this blunders. The fact that he vetoes a bill cannot be taken as absolute evidence that the measure is a bad one, for the showing that the Republicans are making against him in these matters will not redound to his good reputation or wise statesmanship. He has in most cases assigned as a reason for vetoing pension bills that there was no law to authorize the payment of a pension under consideration. This is the very reason why the applicant came to Congress for it, and the act of Congress in passing such bills makes them laws when he signs them. It is because the equities in the case demanded that a pension must be passed that Congress stepped in and passed the bill. There was no law authorizing the payment of $100 a month to John Charles Black as a pension, but he petitioned Congress, and claimed that he was a complete physical and mental wreck, and recited the service he performed in the army, and the pension the highest of all on the soldiers' pension roll, was voted to him by a special act of Congress and by the approval of a Republican President, and yet this complete physical and mental wreck is able to act as Commissioner of Pensions and draw a salary of $5,000 a year. If there was any law by which such pension claims could be recognized by the Pension Bureau there would be no need of their coming to Congress for action.

Devilish Work by a Pennsylvanian.

PITTSBURG, July 12.—Some time ago the wife of John Duvall, living in the suburban town of Mt. Washington, obtained a divorce, and on the same day married Jacob H Jones. Duvall made no objection to the marriage. This evening Duvall went to Jones and decoyed him, under pretense of a friendly visit, to his house, which stands near the brow of the hill. In a stroll about the premises Duvall led Jones back of the barn, which stands near by, and when safe from observation and beyond hearing seized the cask of whiskey which he had concealed before for that purpose, and threw the liquid into the face of his victim, who totally disarmed by the apparent friendship of Duvall, was unprepared for such a murderous onslaught.

Jones fell to the ground writhing in agony, while his assailant stood by and gloated over his horrible work. After watching the sufferings of Jones until satisfied, Duvall went to the edge of the cliff, where there is a steep descent of 300 feet, and shooting himself through the head, fell headlong to the bottom. He was picked up and carried to his home near by, where he is still alive, but there is no hope of his recovery.

Jones is in a very serious condition, and if he recovers he will be badly disfigured and blind.

An Insane Man with Plenty of Money.

ST. LOUIS, July 12.—A stranger was found last night wandering aimlessly around in Morgan street near Seventh, and was taken in charge by the officers of the Third district station. He was 71 years old, with smooth face, long white hair, well dressed and gave his name as Louis Diehl. He did not know where he was, where he came from or where he was going. When taken to the station $580 70 in money and a clock on the First National bank of Logansport, Ind., for $5,000 was found upon his person. His clothing and appearance showed him to be a gentleman, but his hesitating speech and irrelevant answers to questions soon displayed the fact that he was insane. In conversation with a reporter, he insisted that he was a Mart Lowry, and said he did not know why they had penned him up.

Carter Harrison's Veto.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Mayor Harrison last night presented a message to the city council practically vetoing an ordinance passed a week ago, giving the North Side Railway company the use of Lasalle street tunnel, and contrary to the general expectation no attempt was made to pass the ordinance over his head. The mayor's veto takes the form of an ordinance to take the place of the one passed a week ago. This latter being read was ordered presented, and will be considered at another meeting of the council. The mayor's ordinance is much less favorable to the railway company than the other.

Massachusetts Republicans on the Liquor Traffic.

BOSTON, July 12.—About 200 active Republicans from all parts of Massachusetts met here to-day and adopted resolutions asserting that the Republican party in Massachusetts should declare its uncompromising antagonism to the liquor saloon, and that the question of constitutional prohibition should be submitted to the people, and inviting men of all parties to cooperate. An executive committee of fifteen was appointed.

The Prohibition Vote at Bowling Green.

BOWLING GREEN, O., July 12.—(Special.)—Whole number of votes cast, 423; for prohibition, 226; against prohibition, 195; votes thrown out, 2. It was a hotly contested election.

LORD HARTINGTON'S SPEECH.

Affiliation with the Irish Party is Treason to England.

LONDON, July 13.—Lord Hartington made a speech last night at a mass meeting at Derby. He said the results of the election abundantly justified the action of himself and his fellow-unionists. An Irish parliament, he declared, would destroy the integrity of a great empire. Irishmen had been taught to look upon separation as the only condition of future prosperity. They had been taught to disregard the rights of property and individual freedom. The Parnellites had never attempted to formulate a scheme of home rule. Parnell had worked by Parliamentary methods, but the speaker doubted if they were constitutional ones. [Cheers.] Besides adopting a course of obstruction, Parnell had accepted an alliance with Fenian organizations in America and Ireland. Lord Hartington said he did not know the terms of that alliance, or the exact relations of Parnell with the Fenian leaders, but it was undeniable that there existed through the Land League means of communing, virtually uniting the whole movement into one body, the well-known objects of which were nothing short of complete independence and separation, and the establishment of an independent Irish republic. It was notorious, that a majority of the leaders of the movement openly declared that all means, including violence, bloodshed and destruction of property, were justifiable and admissible to attain their ends. Therefore no English political party could creditably adopt or identify itself with such proposals.

Lord Hartington upbraided the members of the government, who, he said, while serving the queen, had formed an alliance with members of a parliamentary party having at least a connection with associations whose aims were treasonable and whose ends were obtained by nefarious means. [Uproarious cheering.]

"If we yield now," he concluded, "to our Irish-American enemies, in order to obtain a temporary respite, we or our successors will sooner or later have to fight the battle over with diminished means. If we exercise old English judgment, fortitude, patience and courage, we will defeat and crush the nefarious designs of the conspirators against the empire." [Enthusiastic cheers.]

A Baron's Suit for Divorce.

LONDON, July 12.—Baron H. De Worms, who was parliamentary secretary to the board of trade in the Salisbury cabinet of last year, has brought an action for divorce against his wife, on the ground of adultery. The Baron alleges that his wife made frequent visits to the Tyrol alone. He suspected nothing at first, because the lady is a native of Austria, being the daughter of Baron Von Todesco, of Vienna; but he discovered that the object of these visits was neither patriotic nor innocent, but to meet in criminal intercourse Baron Meron, who made appointments for her to secretly receive him there. Baron De Worms then secured evidence sufficient to base his complaint on and make Baron Meron the co-respondent. It is stated that Baron Meron and the Baroness DeWorms have concluded not to enter any defense. Baron DeWorms was the Tory member for the Toxteth division of Liverpool in the late House of Commons. He is 46 years of age, and is a hereditary Baron of the Austrian empire. His wife is a handsome, stately woman, possessing a fine, voluptuous figure, and has long been the leader of a fashionable circle and a general social favorite.

The Tories Have Won.

LONDON, July 9.—The Tories have won Chippenham, Wiltshire and Malden, Essex, from the Liberals. Lord Henry Bruce, defeating Bannister Fletcher (Gladstonian) in the former, and C. W. Gray (Gladstonian) in the latter. These two accessions make the total Unionist gains 33. The Tories are today carrying the English counties by sweeping majorities.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon the Tories had elected 263 candidates; the Unionists 54; the Gladstonians 133; and the Parnellites 74. The Tories say they are confident of electing 320.

The Latest Returns.

LONDON, July 12.—The Tories now have elected 291 candidates, the Unionists 66, the Liberals 154, and the Parnellites 74.

English Politics.

LONDON, July 10.—The *Standard* says that although the Conservatives will not have any absolute majority in Parliament, they will be far the most powerful, and more than a match for any two other parties, and hence, according to the doctrine upheld by Gladstone in debate, will be entitled to claim the control of affairs.

The *Standard* says that, judging from his experience during two important years as lord lieutenant of Ireland, Gladstone's Irish scheme would lead to a separation.

The Right Hon. George Otto Trevelyan, who, with Mr. Chamberlain, resigned from the cabinet to oppose Gladstone's Irish policy, has been defeated as the Unionist candidate in Hawick for parliament. In the last election Trevelyan was returned as a Liberal from Hawick without opposition. This year John Dillon stumped the district against him, denouncing him for his opposition to the premier's policy toward Ireland, and pointing out the unreasonableness of Treevlyan's attitude in view of the fact that he had been chief secretary for Ireland, and by actual observation knew the merits of the issue. The result has been that out of the total of 5,016 votes polled in Hawick burghs, a year ago, the Gladstone candidate received a majority of 30. The announcement of the result has produced a sensation throughout the country.

The Liberals are now predicting that Lord Hartington will also be defeated by the Gladstonian candidate in Rossendale, Lancashire, where the election takes place next Monday. In the last election, Lord Hartington was returned as a Liberal by a majority of 1,832 in a total poll of 10,288.

TO HIDE HER DISGRACE.

Suicide of a Young Woman, Ruined and Deserted by Her Lover.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Two strolling musicians, walking on the cliff near Fort Lee, on Saturday evening, heard a groan from some bushes near by. Hurrying towards them, they found a comely young woman lying on her back, within five feet of the edge of the cliff. A little stream of blood was oozing from her right temple, and a nickel-plated seven-shot revolver was in her hand. She had fallen into unconsciousness by the time the couple reached her, and they could not rouse her. Ten minutes later and the girl was dead. The body was removed to a hotel near the spot, and a physician made an examination of the body. He found three bullet wounds in her head. Two of the bullets had struck the upper part of her head and glanced off, and the fourth entered the right temple, killing her. Four shots had been fired from the revolver. Three of the chambers still contained unexploded 22-calibre cartridges. The weapon was a new one.

The woman was evidently a German, and about 25 years of age. She was of slender build, and had light brown hair and blue eyes. The doctor found that the dead girl would have become a mother in three months. She wore no wedding ring. On a finger of her left hand was a gold ring set with six small pearls, on either side of which were set six turquoises in a straight line. A gold brooch containing a mosaic of flowers was at her throat.

In a small bag found by the woman's side was a white silicia slate, on which was written "Eis Gerlach," and in a corner beneath it, "37th st." Another line had been written beneath "Gerlach," but had been scratched out. It is known that the woman took the Thirty-fourth street ferry boat from New York on Thursday at noon for Fort Lee. Her identity, however, is entirely a mystery. The theory is that she had been forsaken by her lover, and had shot herself to escape disgrace.

July Crop Report.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The July report of the agricultural bureau says the average condition on July 1 of winter wheat has declined from 92.7 to 91.2, and of spring wheat from 98 to 93.

The average condition of cotton has declined from 87.7 to 86.

The acreage of corn has very slightly declined in the Middle states, and in Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina, with some increase in other states on the South, which is largest west of the Mississippi. In the Ohio valley the acreage is nearly the same as in 1885. West of the Mississippi the increase is heavy—in Kansas, 20 per cent.; Nebraska, 10; Dakota, 30. The total increase is 3½ per cent.

Manchester Saloons Closed.

MANCHESTER, O., July 9.—The City Council, by ordinance, voted to close the saloons of this place. The ordinance was introduced at their regular meeting last Tuesday night, but lacking a three-fourths vote, four yeas and two nays, it passed its first reading, the Council adjourning from day to day, until put upon its final passage last night.

It seems that the saloon-keepers, or a portion of them at least, are solely responsible for the action of our Council, by their failure to obey the 9 o'clock and Sunday ordinances, seeming to bid defiance to all laws which have any semblance of law, order or decency. Thus the Dow law prohibits seven saloons at this place.

MOBBED BY WOMEN.

One Hundred Women Seek to Reform the Conduct of an Acquaintance.

KAWKAWLIN, Mich., July 13.—Early last week Charles Wixom left town for a short trip. His wife is a vivacious brunette with not a little beauty. Through some erratic actions of Mrs. Wixom that occurred shortly after her husband departed a number of her female acquaintances became possessed of the idea that her conduct needed the guidance afforded by the example of such worthy persons as themselves. This idea grew as the gossips turned it over at church picnics and sewing circles till Mrs. Wixom's name was not mentioned without expressions of indignation. Yesterday evening the feeling culminated. At dusk women began to congregate on the village square as if in obedience to a generally understood call. When over 100 had collected—most of them well-known and respected women—they silently marched towards Mrs. Wixom's house. They investigated the premises carefully, and at last surrounding the house called on Mrs. Wixom to appear. She at first refused, but after a few window panes had been smashed in she partly dressed, and trembling violently with fear came out. She was rudely seized, her dress sadly deranged in the struggle, taken a short distance from the house, and told why she had been visited. She protested her innocence, but her words were drowned in angry rebuke. Rotten eggs and antiquated eggs followed, and was continued until Mrs. Wixom was a pitiable sight. Other indignities were offered before she was allowed to return to her home. Then the crowd of women dispersed, righteously conscious of having done their duty.

The end, however, was not yet. The following morning Mrs. Wixom, though suffering from the nervous shock, went before a justice and swore out warrants against six women she had recognized the night before, charging them with assault and battery. The case was called for the afternoon, and scores of persons were eager attendants on the trial. No testimony was allowed to be given as to Mrs. Wixom's conduct during her husband's absence, and the six women, not having the face to deny their guilt, left the court-room after paying fines amounting in each case to $4.70. It is reported that other arrests will follow. Mrs. Wixom's condition is serious.

CLARK AND HIS WIFE.

Poor Clark Tells a Sorrowful Story, Which Is Denied by Mrs. C.

NEW YORK, July 13.—John F. Clark, the junior member of the firm of Behman & Clark, of this city, and a resident of Brooklyn, began a suit in the Supreme court in that city yesterday for absolute divorce from his wife, Mary, on the ground of carnal and inhumane treatment. Mr. Clark is worth about $50,000, and married the defendant in 1862. They have four children. Mr. Clark alleges that for 15 years his wife, who weighs close upon 200 pounds, has treated him as she would a refractory school boy. She has whipped and beaten him, and humiliated him by destroying his clothes so that he was compelled to remain in his bed through modesty. When he was in such a state of subjection she would whip him on the most convenient spots. On other occasions she threw knives and forks at him, some of which stuck in his clothes. Altogether his life has not been a thing of joy.

Mrs. Clark, through her counsel, denied every charge, and claimed that her husband deserted her. She asked for alimony, but upon this question decision was reserved. The parties to the suit are among the most fashionable residents of the "hill."

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE WRONG.

Capt. Page, the Trustee of Several Estates, a Defaulter and Fugitive.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Capt. Benjamin Page, an old and highly respected citizen of Harlem, has disappeared, leaving obligations to the amount of over $20,000. A week ago Tuesday was the last time that Capt. Page was seen by any one of his friends. On that day he went among them and borrowed sums of money amounting to from $100 to $500, on the plea that he was about to take up a mortgage on some property. He was successful in most cases, and it is estimated that he obtained fully $2,500 in that way.

Capt. Page was in the real estate business, and besides this was trustee of the Belden estate, worth $500,000, and of several smaller estates. The Belden family, about three months ago, requested Page to get things into shape for an accounting. He promised to have matters settled last week, but failing to do so, an investigation was made, and it was found that Page had appropriated some $15,000 of the funds belonging to the estate. It was found that no taxes had been paid since he took charge of the estate; that he had pocketed a large amount of the rents, and that numerous repairs, for which he had put in heavy bills, had never been made. Other estates of which Mr. Page had the management have suffered, and it will take some time to tell exactly how much he has embezzled. It is thought that he has gone to Australia.

Knights of Labor Going Into Politics.

BALTIMORE, July 10.—Secret meetings of men prominent in the Knights of Labor have been held weekly in this city for the past two months, having for their object the formation and perfection of a brand new and absolutely independent labor party in the city and state. The workingmen of this city have been manipulating for the past year or two against the bosses who have been running the city politics, and this is the outcome. A secret meeting of the City Executive committee of the new party was held last night, every ward in the city being represented. It was determined to nominate a full labor municipal ticket, to be voted for next fall, and resolved not to countenance any affiliation whatever with either of the old political parties. The Knights of Labor and trades unions in Baltimore number over 40,000, and with an actual voting population of about 60,000, the new party promises to make it warm for the ringsters in the fall. They claim that the "bosses" are thoroughly frightened, and that labor leaders have been approached by the politicians with a view to learning if the new party would indorse labor men if nominated by the party in control of the city government.

A Gas to Take the Place of Ether.

PORTLAND, ME., July 9.—At Underwood Springs yesterday, Prof. O. Brunter, of Germany, in a series of scientific experiments, transformed German water gas into snow, and then into a mass of beautiful white crystal, resembling ice, but in reality a local anæsthetic, so powerful that a single touch completely benumbs the member, arrests the flow of blood, and enables the subject to endure any operation without suffering or any considerable loss of blood. One individual was given too prolonged a touch on the back of the hand, when he found that the hand was devoid of all feeling. For four hours needles inserted caused no pain, and yet the hand was not powerless. No blood followed the puncturing. It is claimed that this gas will completely take the place of ether. No ill effect, except the possibility of blistering, follows its administration.

Prohibition in Georgia.

ATLANTA, July 9.—When the retail liquor licenses expired in this county, June 30, several wholesale licenses were in force, some to run three months. The Kimball House company secured an interest in one, and opened a room for the sale of liquors and beer by the quart. One other firm did likewise. To-day the police closed these places; great excitement was created. Thousands of men congregated about the Kimball House to discuss the matter. Application was made for an injunction restraining the police, and a temporary order was granted for a hearing July 17. In the meantime selling has been resumed.

A Costly Spirit.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 13.—The breach of promise suit instituted by Miss Sadie Casleit against Franklin Howell, vice president of the Merchants' & Mechanics' bank, has been amicably settled, Mr. Howell having confessed judgment in $10,000. The formal proceedings were conducted entirely by a referee and the attorneys. The referee has paid the money over to Miss Casleit. Mr. Howell, who is a Spiritualist, broke the engagement a short time ago, alleging that the spirit of his father told him not to get married at present.

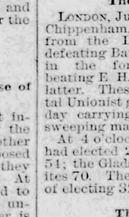
A Cloud of Grasshoppers.

FARGO, Dak., July 13.—Persons in from the west report that Sunday afternoon an immense cloud of grasshoppers settled down on a wheat field in the vicinity of Sanborn, on the Northern Pacific railway, some 65 miles west of Fargo, and in a very short time cleared off 50 acres of every vestige of greenness. Several other fields in that neighborhood were partially swept. About sunset the hoppers rose and flew southeast.

Parson Downs,

BOSTON, July 12.—The Rev. W. W. Downs was arraigned to-day on a charge of bastardy preferred by Alice Watson, and was bound over in the sum of $500 for trial at the present term. Frank W. Ames and Charles Roberts were accepted as his bondsmen. Mr. Downs presented a nonchalant bearing and pleaded not guilty.

WEAK, NERVOUS —AND— DEBILITATED MEN



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MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.

John Warner Shoots His Boy, While Asleep, then Commits Suicide.

NEW YORK, July 7.—John Warner, a tall, bald-headed man, with a fringe of gray hair showing under his hat and a black moustache, hired a hall bedroom on the fourth floor of the flat 192 West Tenth street, about two months ago. He was accompanied by a boy of 14, relatively young fellow, who he introduced as his son Joseph. The landlord did not inquire into his business or antecedents, and as the new lodger attended to his own business and refrained from meddling with the affairs of others, he went his